

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MAY 2, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

Morton Roberts '46

KENTUCKY DERBY

A Preview of the Race
by WHITNEY TOWER

A Portfolio of Paintings
by MORTON ROBERTS





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Cover: Kentucky Derby ►

When Artist Morton Roberts visited Churchill Downs he succeeded in capturing on his canvases some classic scenes at Louisville, which he presents at Louisville, which he presents on pages 34-40.

Painting by Morton Roberts

Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



► A thousand-mile cruise by outboard from Seattle to the great glaciers and towering snowbergs of Alaska, with a cruise map and details on how to get there and what to see.

► Luis Aparicio, the happy-go-lucky White Sox shortstop, is no bigger than a bad boy, but he makes the big plays with major grace, passion and a little bit of hot dog.

► A SPORTING LOOK preview of the summer, as reflected in the clothes selected by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** fashion editors for sea and air travel to Europe and the Rome Olympics.

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He loves me...
he loves
my Mommy's
Arpege!



LANVIN PARFUMS
PARIS

MEMO from the publisher

LATE IN 1953 a TIME Inc. editor wrote a memo. He was part of an experimental project aimed at the publication of a new magazine.

"The world of sports," his memo said, "is a wonderful world. Few fields offer more challenging opportunities for fine reporting, fine writing and fine photography."

"No publication anywhere has ever attempted to cover this whole exciting world."

"To be successful in the field of sport a magazine must be the sports magazine, not just a sports magazine. It must bring the reader the best reporting, the best writing, the best pictures, the best adventure, the best counsel, the best everything."

Vol. I, No. 1 of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED appeared in August 1954. From then until now, 294 issues later, the author of the memo and the Managing Editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have been one and the same. No man has been more responsible for the extent to which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has succeeded in approaching the high and always elusive ideals he set forth six and a half years ago; none has pursued them more intently.

Last week TIME Inc. announced the appointment of Sidney L. James as Publisher of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and the appointment of Andre Laguerre to succeed him as Managing Editor. For readers familiar with this magazine, it may seem redundant to say anything more about Sid James. In a real sense you have been meeting him in these pages every week.



SIDNEY L. JAMES

As he becomes Publisher, James completes nearly a quarter century with TIME Inc. A native of St. Louis, he attended Washington University. In 1936 he joined the New York staff of TIME as a NATIONAL AFFAIRS writer, later was chief of news bureaus in Chicago and on the West Coast. For three years preceding the birth of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED he was Assistant Managing Editor of LIFE. And before all of that he played a pretty good second base for the Rock Island Railroad—on weekends.

In this space from here on, it will be Sidney L. James. This departing Publisher, about to take new duties involving production of TIME Inc. publications, could not ask for better than that, because, to borrow some words, he is the best.

Arthur Murphy

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America's National Sports Weekly

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PENNSYLVANIA

Jimmy Jemail's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: Regardless of
the horse he was on, what
jockey turned in the most
masterful ride in any Kentucky
Derby you've seen?



EVERETT A. CLAY
Hialeah Race Course
Public relations director
and secretary

Dave Erb on Needles in 1956. Erb was
off hot in a field of 17 starters. He was
next to last midway down the back-
stretch. It took a cool head and the ut-
most confidence to sit there, looking for
an opening. He moved to the middle of
the track, found an opening and won by
three-quarters of a length.



W. H. VEENEBIAN
Chairman of the Board
of Churchill Downs

I think the 1935 Derby topped them all.
Meade rode Brokers Tip, and Fisher
was up on Head Play. They rode neck and
neck in the stretch, punching and pull-
ing each other's bridle. Both were so
far ahead it wasn't fair to disqualify
either. One had to win. Meade won on
Brokers Tip.

CONTINUED

DRIVE THE AUSTIN MORRIS

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NEW YORK

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HOTBOX continued



CHARLES HATTON
Louisville, Ky.
Racing columnist for
Triangle Publications

I've seen every Derby since 1916. Bill Knapp's ride on Extremator in 1918 was the best. Extremator was originally brought to the Derby as a trial horse. He was unknown and went to the post at \$29.00 to \$1. He outstripped the favorite, Eveoba; it was the start of Extremator's career.



FRED CAPOSSILLA
Baldwin, N.Y.
New York Racing
Association track
announcer

Eddie Arcaro's ride on Hail Gail in 1932. There was a large field of 16 horses. From post position No. 1, Eddie had to come out at an angle and take the lead immediately to avoid being shut off. He angled out to the front with a terrific burst of speed, a masterful maneuver, and he kept the lead all the way.



MRS. ISABEL DODGE SLOANE
Oyster
Brookside Stable

Naturally I'm partial to my only Derby winner—Cavalade in 1934. However, the most exciting Derby was last year's, when my horse, Sword Dancer, finished second to Tony Lee after the famous bumping match in the stretch. Bill Boland claimed a foul, but you don't win a Kentucky Derby on a foul.



GENE MORI
President
Holeak and
Garden State Park

Henry Moreno's handling of Dark Star in the 1953 Derby was the most masterful I've seen. Native Dancer, one of the great horses, was the favorite. Dark Star went to the post at \$24.50 to \$1 odds. Dark Star set the pace all the way, and Moreno held on in the stretch to win. It was the only way to beat Native Dancer.

SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

New Cast, New Critics

After ten months of legalistic and labyrinthine procrastination, World Heavyweight Champion Ingemar Johansson and Challenger Floyd Patterson at long last signed a contract to hold their return title match June 20 at New York's Polo Grounds. While waiting for the curtain to rise, the dramatic personae of the long-awaited show has undergone considerable change. Bill Rosensohn, the erstwhile promoter, is out of the picture. Onetime Patterson manager Gus D'Amato now does his prompting from far out in the wings. Vincent Velella, the original group's money lender, was shelved on three counts of perjury; and of the original supporting cast, only TelePrompTer's Irving

Kahn remains (having bid a record \$700,000 for the TV and film rights).

The fact that the production promised for June will be relatively free of the turgid plots and counterplots of the earlier play is largely due to the business acumen of the Swedish champ. But for all his shrewdness, Ingo, it seems, is not yet fully in the clear. An outfit calling itself Bio-rhythm Computers sees doom ahead for him. Bio-rhythm claims it can predict a man's good days and his bad days on the basis of physique and psyche. "Patterson will be in excellent physical condition on June 20," says Bio's George Thommen, "and his sensitivity cycle will be high. Johansson will be physically low, with his sensitivity cycle in critical condition."

Even more pessimistic is Peter Hurkos, a former member of the Dutch underground who claims he received his extrasensory powers after falling from a roof. "I have seen Johansson," he says. "I have observed his personality. He is going to lose." Well, someone asked, will Patterson knock him out? "Patterson, Patterson—who is Patterson?" replied Hurkos. "I do not know the name."

Bids for the Old Mug

After *Sceptre's* pitiful showing in the America's Cup races of 1958, wisacrees said that the old mug had had its day. Far from it. Last week Australia challenged for 1962. Spurred by their cousins and still smarting from their defeat, the English cabled that they too intended to challenge in 1962. Any other bids?

The Young Idea

Club Reporter Sam McMurray, an 8-year-old New Yorker who covers the sports beat for the Greenwich Village *Bank Street School News*, is not

a man to pull his punches. "I hate Mantle," wrote McMurray in his column last week, "and I hate the Yankees too."

Elsewhere in the sports world other youngsters with equally firm views were making their opinions known—the youthful Cleveland partisans of Herb Score and



Frank consent

Rocky Colavito, for instance, whose indignation at Indian General Manager Frank Lane for trading off their heroes knew no bounds. True, Emily Fitzgibbons, 16-year-old president of the Colavito club, had her moment of wavering after Rocky left for Detroit. "I thought we might disband," Emily admitted, "but so many members protested that I felt like a heel for even thinking about it." Far from abandoning the Chicago-bound idol, the Herb Score club announced that it planned to advertise in the Chicago papers for new members.

In San Francisco, on the other hand, it looked for a while as if the young had already written off their heroes when local merchants reported that souvenir baseball caps bearing the insignia of virtually every team in the land except the Giants were selling at a hot clip. Turned out the Giants weren't in eclipse at all. It's just that the midjet leagues and sandlot teams use the caps as their own official insignia. A cap with a P on it might mean Pittsburgh Pirates to the rest of the country, but around the Bay area it more likely means Panthers, Parachutists, Pumas, Pollywogs or even Pounders. As for the Giant caps, they are too sacred for such cavalier use on California playgrounds.



MANSION FOR MASCOT

Philadelphia's John B. Kelly, who not long ago gave a bride to the reigning Prince of Monaco, last week benefited another dignitary. Fordham University's ram, Ramesses XVIII, had been without a place to call his own since last spring, and loyal Fordham students had not been able to raise sufficient money to build him one. With all speed Sportsman-Brickmaker Kelly dispatched men and material from his masonry company to Fordham's Bronx, N.Y., campus, had a palatial mansion ready for Ramesses within 24 hours (see above).

Just in Time

A new tunnel that burrows beneath the Swiss Alps may soon render obsolete the life-saving services of the famed St. Bernard dogs. For at least one of the heroic breed, a St. Bernard named Simon Bolivar who resides in the more comfortable climate of southern California, the news of enforced retirement will come none too soon. Only last week, on a hike in the San Gabriel Mountains, Simon's paws got so sore he had to be carried down the mountain on a litter.

Harness Etiquette

Harness racing, once a casual country-fair entertainment for the blue-denim bunch, has grown into a spit-and-polish sport for the silk-tie set at tracks that gleam like supermarkets. To make sure that backwoods tracks conform to carriage-trade standards, Harness Tracks of America, an association of trot-track owners, has posted some rigid rules of etiquette:

- 1) All drivers must be neatly dressed, clean-shaven, have shined shoes and wear bright, clean racing attire.
- 2) All trainers must insist their caretakers look neat.
- 3) Drivers must not talk to fellow drivers during post parades or races, nor to the public in the paddock.
- 4) Women must not take horses to or from the track during the program.

Sparkling the Flash

Facing a track of fresh cinders neatly arranged by a manure spreader and wearing a new pair of shoes designed by his coach (held by laces instead of elastic bands), the country's best miler decided at Eugene, Ore. last week to shed the casualness that has marked his running all spring.

Flowing past Stanford's pacesetter, Ernie Cunniffe, at the three-quarter mark, Dwyll Burleson, the 19-year-old University of Oregon flash, puffed out his cheeks and blazed to the finish line for a new record. His time: 3:58.6—the fastest mile ever run by an American. "It's easy to follow when the other guy sets the pace," said Burleson. "I even had something left when the race was over. I know I can run faster."



Burleson breaks the tape and a record

Slapdash Job

Track Coach Bill McElroy of Loyola College is a man who believes the way to do it right is to do it yourself. He himself laid out the Baltimore school's new track, opened it with pride last week for a meet against Western Maryland College.

He was mildly surprised when a runner won the 220-yard dash in the snail's-pace time of 27.1; was astonished when 11 hurdles were needed to

fill the track for the 220-yard hurdle event, instead of the proper 10; and was mortified when the truth dawned. His 220-yard course was 240 yards.

Like Old Times

Tacoma, Wash. welcomed its new Pacific Coast League baseball team with a burst of civic enthusiasm and ill-concealed delight at the long-awaited chance to stick an athletic thumb in the eye of its hated rival and neighbor, Seattle. But the occasion was not an unqualified success.

Opening day was rained out. Two days later, on a field dried by soldiers using napalm, Mayor Ben Hanson threw the symbolic first pitch, plunking the damp ball into the kidneys of Congressman Thor Tollefson, symbolic first batter. One double-header was completed in a 37° fog, but the next day's game was rained out, and so was the next and the next and the next. Eventually another double-header was played—in 32° cold.

The new team finally met (and beat) archrival Seattle last Friday, but the game was played through the rain after a fruitless wait for fair skies.

Apparently forgotten in the excitement of the plans for revival was the reason that Tacoma's last Pacific Coast League team left town in 1906: the weather wasn't fit for baseball.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PAAVO KOTILA, 32-year-old former from Veteli, Finland, earns victory wreath after outdistancing 165 other long-distance runners in 26-mile Boston marathon. "After the first five miles it was easy," said a jaunty Kotila.



WILMA RUDOLPH, 19-year-old Tennessee State sophomore, set American records in 100- and 220-yard dashes to lead her college to its sixth straight national AAU women's indoor track championship at Chicago.



SANDRA RAYNOR of Austin, Texas, at 16 the youngest golfer to hold both the Texas Women's Amateur and public links titles, took her fourth consecutive Austin Women's championship with a 3 over par performance.



BOBBY RICKS, 42, former national lawn tennis champion and onetime Davis Cup star, turned his hand to paddle tennis, proceeded to defeat Fred Barozani 6-3, 6-4 for national open singles championship at New York.



LARRY WOOD, 22-year-old Colorado University freshman, smacked his way to victory in National Intercollegiate handball championships at Boulder, Colo., with 21-16, 21-10 win over Dick Bessler of Texas University.



ETHEL DIXIE, longtime Baltimore duckpin bowling ace, averaged a scorching 146 pins per game, for total of 1,259 to set a nine-game women's world record in national duckpin bowling congress tournament at Richmond.

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COMING EVENTS

April 29 to May 5

All times are E.D.T.

* Color television * Television * Network radio

Friday, April 29

- BOXING**
 - * Jones vs. DeNucci, middle, 10 rds., Boston, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- GYMNASTICS**
 - * U.S. Men's and Women's Champs and Final Olympic Trials, West Point, N.Y. (through May 1)
- TRACK & FIELD**
 - * Drake Relays, Des Moines (also April 30), Evans Relays, Philadelphia (also April 30)

Saturday, April 30

- AIR RACING**
 - * All-Women's International Race, Miami
- AUTO RACING**
 - * SCCA Nat'l Rally, Farmington, Mich. (also May 1)
 - * SCCA Nat'l Races, Danville, Va. (also May 1)
- BASEBALL**
 - * New York at Baltimore (NBC)
 - * Pittsburgh at Cincinnati (CBS-TV, Mutual radio)
 - * San Francisco at Los Angeles (ABC)
- BOATING**
 - * Dinghy Championship Regatta, Mamaroneck, N.Y.
 - * Francis Naui Champs., Miami (also May 1)
- HARNESS RACING**
 - * Fra-for all Pace, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- HORSE RACING**
 - * Grey Lag Handicap, \$60,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
 - * Delaware Valley Stakes, \$55,000 added, Garden State Park, N.J.
- HUNT RACE MEETINGS**
 - * Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Md.
- LACROSSE**
 - * Navy at Maryland
- ROWING**
 - * Charlie Cup, Pennsylvania, Columbia, France, at Princeton, N.J.
- TENNIS**
 - * Southern California Sectional Champs., Los Angeles (through May 6)

Sunday, May 1

- BASEBALL**
 - * 6th mat at Chicago (NBC-TV, Mutual-radio)*
 - * New York at Baltimore (CBS)
- GOLF**
 - * World Championship Golf series, Herbert vs. Forsyth, 5 p.m. (NBC)
- HANDBALL**
 - * U.S. Our Wall Champs., singles and doubles, New York (through May 14)

Monday, May 2

- BASEBALL**
 - * Philadelphia at Chicago (Mutual)*
- GOLF**
 - * Women's Southern Amateur Championship, New Orleans (through May 7)
- WRESTLING**
 - * U.S. Olympic Trials/Trials, Greco-Roman, Amis, Iowa (also May 3)

Tuesday, May 3

- BASEBALL**
 - * Philadelphia at Chicago (Mutual)*
- HORSE RACING**
 - * Derby Trial, \$55,000 added, Churchill Downs, Ky.
- SHOOTING**
 - * Golden West Grand American trap shoot, Reno (through May 8)

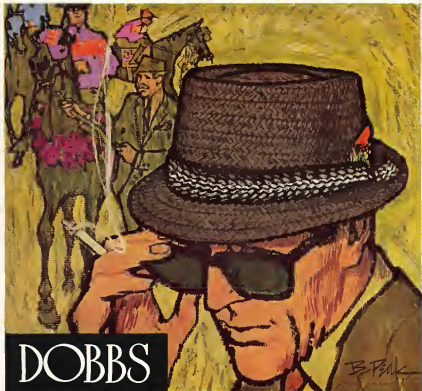
Wednesday, May 4

- BASEBALL**
 - * Kansas City at Boston (Mutual)*
- BOXING**
 - * Johnson vs. Floyd, light heavies, 10 rds., Philadelphia, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HORSE RACING**
 - * The County, \$25,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Thursday, May 5

- BASEBALL**
 - * Pittsburgh at Chicago (Mutual)*
- BOATING**
 - * Newport-Spinnaker Ocean Race, Newport Beach, Calif. (through May 7)
- GOLF**
 - * LPGA Peach Blossom Betsey Handicap, \$25,000, Southport, N.C. (through May 5)
 - * Tournament of Champions, \$45,000, Las Vegas, Nev. (through May 6)

*See local listing



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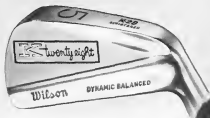
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*Dr. Cary Middlecoff is a member of the
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MORE AND MORE DAYLIGHT

THE outstanding fact of the sports world this week may well go unnoticed by the people most affected by it. But millions of Americans suddenly free to dash out of artificially lighted offices and factories to find an extra hour of fun in the sun must be forgiven if they don't stop to analyze their blessing. Most of them will be too busy straightening out their lines at the dinghy float, wending their way to the first tee at the golf course or pulling on their shorts at the tennis court to give much thought to Daylight Saving, the socio-legal gimmick that makes the extra fun possible.

Yet Daylight Saving Time in all likelihood has meant more to sports and sportsmen than any other piece of social legislation.

Since it was first seriously suggested back in 1907, many a rock-bound defender of the status quo and all such habitual early risers as farmers have opposed the idea of tampering with the clock. But in the last decade more and more Americans have come to see the sense of saving summer's sunlight. More than half of the nation's population from coast to coast now enjoys the reform. Since one of the best uses that sunlight may be put to is the pursuit of outdoor sport, it is no coincidence that the same decade has seen more people enjoying more forms of sport than any other period in history.

If the formula reads, "the more daylight, the more sport," let's not stop at a mere extra hour during four months of summertime. We could use two or three or even four more sunlit hours every day of our nonworking lives.

BASKETBALL'S ILLS

The best time to direct a clinical look at a college sport may well be in the slack season when it is lying dormant on a bed of last year's statistics. Viewed thus last week, college bas-

kethall revealed symptoms of disease that could, if neglected, prove fatal.

There has for years been a strong and general suspicion that in college basketball games all over the country referees tend to call more violations against the visiting teams than they do against the home team. A look at the statistics concerning eight of the nation's top teams consolidates this suspicion into hard fact: in games at the University of California 246 fouls were called against visiting teams, 221 against California; at NYU 281 fouls were called on visitors, 249 against the home team; at Ohio State it was 215 against the visitors, 199 against the locals; at the University of Cincinnati, 285 against visitors, 244 against the locals; at the University of Utah, 288 vs. 277; at Utah State, 192 vs. 153; at Brigham Young, 181 vs. 179; and at the University of Alabama 175 fouls were called on visitors and only 123 on Alabamians.

There have been efforts to explain away such damning statistics by generalities which claim that players feel more comfortable and confident in their own gyms and hence play better ball, but these claims look pretty flimsy in the face of more obvious, though less bland, explanations.

Foremost of these is the outright

intimidation of visiting teams by home crowds, a condition which seems to worsen each year all over the nation. Flying garbage and the application of straight mob psychology on harassed officials (who must go on living after the game) are the weapons used in these courtdside campaigns that occur wherever rivalry runs high. Instead of attempting to quench this kind of incendiary behavior, the home-town coach often actively abets it. One college coach in the South is noted for goading referees into dealing him a penalty so that he can whip the fans into a frenzy over the fancied injustice of it all.

A subtler but equally effective form of intimidation arises from the fact that every season coaches have a considerable voice in the appointment of referees.

All this will amount to a cancer in the carcass of a fine game if left untreated. Before the next season starts, we recommend some immediate and specific surgery in the form of new rules depriving coaches of any role in the selection of officials and providing heavy penalties for unseemly conduct on the bench. And for the general health of the game, a liberal dosage of good sportsmanship administered to all hands might help.

THEY SAID IT

BOB PORTERFIELD, aging (35) onetime big league pitcher, on the start of a twilight career in the minors: "I made up my mind long ago that when it was over, this was the way I'd come down the hill. If this is the beginning of the end I'm not going to make a show about it. After all that baseball has done for me, I think I owe it that much in return."

FLOYD PATTERSON, in answer to a newsman's idiotic question: "Of course I think I can beat Johansson. If I didn't I wouldn't have signed up to fight him."

LEONARD FRUCHTMAN, owner of Derby hopeful Bally Ache, in impatience at the public's objections to his horse's name: "Well! If they hear the one I've picked out if there is an offspring—it's Bally Ballon."

NEW SEASON —

THIS baseball season, still in its first inning, produced a flurry of surprises and exciting performances. President Eisenhower teased out the first ball in Washington, Bob Allison caught it and then hit a home run. Cleveland fans choked on their breakfast orange juice when they learned that Rocky Colavito had been traded to Detroit for Harvey Kuenn, then choked some more as Colavito hit game-winning home runs for the Tigers. Minnie Micoso, another ex-Indian, hit three home runs for the Chicago White Sox, one of them a grand slam. The big, bad Giants—Mays, McCovey, Cepeda and Kirk-

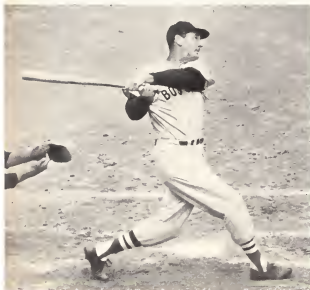
land—were also hitting home runs while the rest of the National League shuddered. Red Schoendienst was back, as good as ever, and that was nice to see. There was some good pitching—a fine two-hitter by young Mike McCormick, two straight wins by Bob Friend, 15 strikeouts by Camilo Pascual and three victories by three young Yankees named Coates, Gabler and Short. But in some ways the biggest news of the season was made by the oldest player, Ted Williams, who broke into the major leagues in 1939, when Colavito was 5, when McCovey was one and when Dwight Eisenhower was a 48-year-

old lieutenant colonel in the Army.

Ted Williams is 41 years old, his neck hurts despite the citrus seed pills he takes, and his legs begin to sag after three innings; but last week in Washington he showed the world he could still hit a baseball. In his first at bat this season Williams hit one of the longest home runs ever seen at Griffith Stadium, the 493rd of his 22-year career, tying him with Lou Gehrig for fourth place in the alltime list behind Babe Ruth (714), Jimmy Foxx (534) and Mel Ott (511).

What made the home run particularly startling was that Williams had not hit any at all during spring

IN HIS FIRST TIME AT BAT, TED WILLIAMS DRIVES A HOME RUN TO DEEP CENTER



WASHINGTON STAR BOB ALLISON HITS A



OLD TED

Baseball was off to a flashy start with a big trade, a stirring comeback, spectacular home runs and some fine pitching. But no performance was as glittering as that of 41-year-old Ted Williams

by WALTER BINGHAM

training, not a one in the cozy Arizona parks with the friendly, relaxed crowds sitting in the warm sunshine. But in Washington's brisk, overcast weather, with the President of the United States sitting not 90 feet away, he hit one almost 500 feet on his first try. But then, that's the way it is with Williams.

The Washington pitcher, Camilo Pascual, certainly one of the best in the league, had thrown Williams an assortment of curves, mostly in close to the body. The count had reached three balls and two strikes when Camilo decided to try a fast ball.

"I put something on it," said Pas-

cual afterwards, full of good spirits because he had won the game and struck out 15 Red Sox. "I throw it real good, but it looks like he no care."

THERE IT GOES

Pascual's fast ball came in just about waist-high, and Williams drove it straight up the middle of the ball park. The Washington center fielder started to run back, then stopped and looked up as the ball passed over his head and the 31-foot wall that encloses the outfield. Later Washington Catcher Earl Battey said, "I think the umpire and I were still watching

the ball when Williams came home."

Although the crowd gave Williams a grand ovation and people in the box seats along third base rose to their feet in applause, Williams, as always, kept a stern expression and refused to tip his hat. "But when he came into the dugout he started laughing like a kid," said Boston First Baseman Vic Wertz. "Everybody was shaking his hand. I pretended I hadn't been looking. I asked him where he hit the ball, and he got a kick out of that. Boy, he really charged that ball."

The next day Boston had its home

continued

HOMER AFTER SHAKING HANDS WITH IKE



RED SCHOENENST, BACK IN LINEUP AFTER A YEAR'S ILLNESS, CHOPS A BARE HIT





Herb Scheraga

NEW SEASON *continued*

opener in Fenway Park, and Dick O'Connell, the Red Sox business manager, estimated that the Williams home run in Washington added 7,000 fans to the crowd. "Based on advance ticket sales we figured we'd draw about 28,000. It was more than 35,000 instead, standing room only. He really brings them into the park." (Williams is so popular with the Boston fans that the Red Sox must employ a secretary to handle his mail.)

On that second opening day Williams hit a second home run. This one wasn't as long, just a line drive down the right-field line that reached the seats near the foul pole. But a home run is a home run, and all New England let out a roar. (The next day Yogi Berra kidded Williams about the hit, which couldn't have traveled more than 315 feet. "Just skimming them in now, eh?" said Berra, to which Williams replied, "Yeah, a real Yankee Stadium job.")

A HERO AGAIN

The two home runs put the name TED back in all the Boston headlines. During the last year Ted Williams has been, as far as the local press was concerned, the ghost of baseball past. "What could we say about him?" asked one writer. "You can only say his neck hurts once a week."

But now he was a hero again. SOX LOSE, TED HITS 494, said one paper. And when Williams pulled a muscle running out the second home run and was forced to sit on the bench through the next several games, it was TED HURT.

No one seemed more impressed by Williams' early season form than Casey Stengel. After the second game he said, "Williams looks so much better up at the plate than most everybody else in the league that all the pitchers better forget how old he is and be careful."

Pitchers' ideas of what to throw Williams haven't changed much over the last 20 years: he can hit anything, most of them say. But last year, when Williams was having his troubles, pitchers began to come up with pet

WINNING SMILE is on Ted Williams' face, but he still won't tip cap to rabid fans.

theories. Pascual believes his best chance with Williams is a curve inside. Art Ditmar of the Yankees tends to agree.

"That home run in Washington doesn't necessarily mean that Williams is going to start hitting the way he used to," Ditmar said. "The last thing a hitter loses is his ability to hit the long ball. Remember when Babe Ruth used to take a few swings years after he retired and still drive the ball out of the park? That pitch Pascual threw may have been to the one spot Williams can still murder—waist-high and away. Never pitch him away."

Williams' second home run also came on a waist-high fast ball, this one delivered by Jim Coates of the Yankees. After the game Bob Turley said, "You'll notice that when Coates kept his fast ball low to Williams, he wasn't able to pull it. He used to pull everything, but not any more."

But if Williams the hitter has changed with age, Williams the personality has not. His attitude toward sportswriters is still one of violent antipathy. Before the Boston opener a group of writers was standing near the batting cage when Williams suddenly started swinging his bat perilously close to their heads. "Clear out, you guys," he yelled. "I need swinging room. You guys shouldn't be allowed here anyway." Then he turned to Catcher Haywood Sullivan and continued in a loud voice, "Nice guys, aren't they? The knights of the keyboards. Tried to retire me last winter. Real nice guys." Haywood Sullivan looked embarrassed.

Despite his star-spangled start this season, Williams has reached the point where he is of extremely limited value to the Red Sox except as a showpiece. His severest critics argue that he never really did help the team, but that is not true. The records show that until last year no Red Sox team with Williams on it finished worse than fourth, while in three of the five years he was in the service the team finished deep in the second division. But now he hurts the club.

His fielding, never good, is painful to watch. In the Washington game Lenny Green hit a short fly ball to left. Williams tried to move in, but the ball dropped in front of him for a double. Later in the game Marty

Keough went in to play for Williams and made a wonderful over-the-shoulder catch in deep left center with a runner on base.

"See?" said one Boston writer. "Those are the things you forget to count. With Ted that's a sure double and one run in. Keough saved us that run and maybe another. Happens all the time."

At Fenway Park Williams' defensive faults are less conspicuous because over the years he has learned to play the short left field wall beautifully. Gil McDougald lined a ball against the wall there last week, and Williams, running to just the right spot, grabbed the rebound and got it in to second base in time to keep McDougald at first. And once when Bobby Richardson took a wide turn at second Williams threw the ball behind him and nearly caught him off base.

"I keep warning everybody about that play," said Stengel afterwards. "The old guy is cute."

But cute as he may be, there is no way he can escape the fact that time is catching up with him. At his age pulled muscles come more often, and they linger on. Even when he is healthy there are few other teams that could afford to use him as a regular or semiregular. Certainly not the contending teams, for he would inevitably give away more defensively, especially in those large ball parks, than he could make up for offensively. Even Baltimore, a team built on pitching and defense, could not use him. So Williams is lucky to be playing for a team as weak as the Red Sox, and the Red Sox are lucky to have him playing, for he at least generates excitement and guarantees a respectable crowd at the park. But the day is coming soon when he will have to give up the game.

He wants very much to hit 500 home runs, and he will certainly stick around until he accomplishes that. If he is hitting well—that is, over .300—he will finish out the season. If summer finds him hitting as poorly as he did last year (.254) and he has his 500 home runs, chances are he will retire. Then baseball will be less exciting for everybody. **END**

UNGAINLY STYLE marks Ted's defensive play, but the short left field wall helps.



Photographs by Henry Redl

A MAD NIGHT IN MONTANA

Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer retained his title but not all of his reputation in one of the rowdiest brawls in boxing history

by MARTIN KANE



IN the crimson history of Montana there have been many bloody massacres, like Custer's Last Stand and the Battle at Big Hole, when Chief Joseph of the Nes Perce Indians took vigorous umbrage at the white man's refusal to play the game according to rules of fair play. The National Boxing Association middleweight championship fight between Champion Gene Fullmer and Joey Giardello, fought more recently at Bozeman, Mont., may be regarded as a cultural renaissance of those good old days. The rules deprived the fighters of scalping knives, but even under such restraint they drew feshets of blood in every round. They butted, heeled, punched low and snarled.

To see that the fight was conducted with the propriety of a quadrille, Montana had imported Referee Harry Kessler from St. Louis. In or out of the ring, Harry Kessler is a bit of a dandy, a millionaire metallurgist with interests that range from Tokyo to North Bergen, N.J. Boxing is only his hobby. Five percent of U.S. metals are produced with his advice or with the aid of his inventions. Despite a certain garb, he moves about the ring with the tailored grace of a Ph.D. from Arthur Murray's. He speaks to the fighters softly before and during a fight, admonishing them like the headmaster of a rich boy's prep school, even though one may be gouging at an eye with a thumb and the other lifting the knee in a clinch. The Kessler Idea is that if you treat fighters like gentlemen they will act that way.

Fullmer and Giardello collapsed that lovely soufflé.

By the middle of the fourth round, his matching gray-green slacks and shirt smeared with contrasting tones of human blood, Referee Kessler had to call an armistice of a nature unprecedented in title fights. Fullmer and Giardello, a pair of clawing wildcats, were held at bay by Kessler's outstretched arms while he preached a few words on common decency. These soft words were lost in the roar of the crowd. For some moments it seemed as if Kessler might be stopping the fight altogether. Giardello's manager, Tony Ferrante, a Philadelphian in a ten-gallon hat, shrewdly assumed his boy might be getting the

BRUTAL FIGHT had butts, blood and occasional good body punches by Fullmer.

worst of it—because his boy had been giving a little bit the worst of it. Ferrante howled his way into the ring and had to be hauled out of it. But by that time Kessler had made it clear that he was trying only, as he put it later, "to restore law and order in the fight." To some extent he did. The fight was resumed on a slightly reduced scale of savagery, but not until Kessler had firmly forced the fighters to shake hands. As they did so they glowered at each other.

Until Kessler called a pause they had been butting each other like buck deer. Even without antlers they drew blood. It streamed from their foreheads into their eyes, but, dramatic though these abrasions looked, none of the cuts were dangerous.

In the end, by official decision, it was a draw, and that was enough for Fullmer to retain the title. Kessler voted for Giardello, one judge voted for Fullmer, and the third official called it all even. Those of the ring-side press who were polled voted 12 for Fullmer, one for a draw.

It was a hard fight to score because so little happened within the rules. The crowd of 12,122 packed into Montana State College's beautifully designed field house, a domed and pillarless structure where there seem to be no bad seats, resented Fullmer's headlong charges and his mauling, brawling style. The crowd therefore cheered for Giardello, the eastern dude. It was the only sporting gesture of the night.

As viewed from the blood-spattered intimacy of the press section, Fullmer did win. Giardello threw more punches at the head, Fullmer landed more to the body. Giardello's head punches were mostly blocked by Fullmer's adaptation of Archie Moore's crisscross defense, in which the right arm is extended horizontally across the chin, the right glove protecting the left side of the jaw and the right elbow guarding the right side of the jaw. Giardello threw some spectacular combinations against this guard and scarcely penetrated it at all. On the other hand, Fullmer, choosing to fight inside because of respect for Giardello's long-range punching power, persistently barged his way into close quarters, head foremost, and banged at Giardello's body so painfully that in the middle-to-late rounds Giardello was wincing even before the body punches landed.

After the fight Giardello dropped his trunks dramatically in the dressing room to display an ugly bruise on his left hip. The cuts on his scarred forehead were forgotten as a crowd of sympathizers moaned at this evidence of Fullmer's viciousness. Still, a punch to the hip is hardly the kind that a fighter would throw in order to disable an opponent.

Giardello, on the other hand, cost himself points by persistent holding. When he clutched one of Fullmer's fists to his side with an elbow, Fullmer clouted him with the other fist, and such punches score.

Though he was in the best condition of his in-and-out career, Giardello could not match the brute strength of Fullmer. He was worn down in the late rounds and won the 15th only because of superhuman effort and because Fullmer assumed he was far enough ahead to coast.

Giardello was oddly elated for a fellow who had just missed winning a championship. When the draw was announced his handlers hoisted him to their shoulders, customary signal of victory. As a 3-to-1 underdog, Joey

had reason to be happy, but not that much.

"I declare myself middleweight champion of the NBA," he said in some confusion. "If Fullmer wants to fight me he'll have to come east to do it."

Despite Giardello's offer, the chances are that this twain never shall meet again. Fullmer's manager, Marv Jensen, made it clear that a return, ordinarily called for after such a draw, was out of the question.

"When a guy butts like that," Jensen said, "I don't have any consideration for him. In fact, I don't even know his name any more."

"I hit him with my head once for spite," Giardello conceded, "but he started it. He did everything."

Fullmer, whose roughhouse style has led to frequent head collisions in the ring, insisted that the first intentional butt was by Giardello.

"We heard he was practicing butts in training," Fullmer said. "It didn't do him any good. The first butt he tried, he cut his own eye instead of mine. Maybe that made him mad." It made them both mad. END



CONCERNED REFEREE KESSLER SEES FULLMER BULL GIARDELLO IN CORNER

THE DEADLY SPRAY

in the war against his insect enemies, man has reached the point where his poisons not only kill birds and animals but threaten the human population as well

by JOHN O'REILLY

In the last three years the U.S. Department of Agriculture, warring against the fire ant, has sprayed more than 1,750,000 acres in the Southeast with chemical pesticides far more poisonous than DDT.

In the last few weeks the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has reported finding 59 species of animals, including game birds, dead on the ground in sprayed areas. These animals all contained residues of dieldrin or heptachlor, the two chemicals used.

In the same period the Food and Drug Administration declared a zero tolerance for heptachlor in foodstuffs for human consumption.

Thus man's chemical warfare against his insect enemies has at last reached the point where it threatens the well-being of man himself. The multimillion-dollar campaign waged by the Department of Agriculture against the imported fire ant has brought the whole question of the mass use of pesticides into violent focus. Yet the spray program for fire-ant control is only one of several in which scientific investigators have found alarming results. Here are some of the others:

- Heavy losses of game and nongame fish were discovered four months after DDT was sprayed on a large tract of forest in the watershed of Montana's Yellowstone River. On less than 300 yards of stream 600 dead or dying whitefish, brown trout and suckers were counted, and Professor Richard J. Graham found fish dying 90 miles below the treated watershed. The fish were found to contain DDT.

- On the east coast of Florida 2,000 acres of tidal marsh, traversed by 354,000 linear feet of ditches, were sprayed by airplane with dieldrin to control sand flies. The fish kill was nearly complete, estimates running to between 20 and 30 tons, or about

1,750,000 fish, representing some 30 species.

- Robins and other highly desirable birds were wiped out in a number of communities in the Midwest, where spraying with DDT has been conducted for control of the Dutch elm disease. On the campus of Michigan State University Dr. George J. Wallace found original nesting robins were killed and others moving in to replace them also fell prey to the poison.

- Damage to birds and mammals was reported by T. G. Scott, Y. L. Willis and J. A. Ellis from applications of dieldrin for control of Japanese beetles in Illinois.

- Research conducted by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has shown that as little as 1/200,000 of an ounce of dieldrin per day in the food of pheasants resulted in eggs of low hatchability and chicks subject to abnormally high death rates.

- Some streams already have been polluted with pesticides, and DDT has been found at the mouths of even the largest rivers, including the Mississippi and the Columbia.

All the foregoing were the results of a program which, according to the Pesticide Committee of the International Association of Fish, Game and Conservation Commissioners, in 1958 accomplished the following: "Chemical controls were applied to more than 100 million acres of land in the United States, with additional millions more in Canada and Mexico. Mixed with dusts, oils, water and other solvents, emulsifiers and carriers, the volume totaled between 2 and 3 billion pounds and cost the consumer over \$500 million. Currently, one sixth to one fifth of our croplands and millions of acres of forest and range lands are treated annually with pesticides in quantities of a few ounces to 25 or more pounds

per acre." As for the future, the report added: "Entomologists expect a fourfold increase in the use of insecticides during the next 10 or 15 years."

On March 28 Justice William O. Douglas in effect proposed that the entire problem of mass spraying of toxic chemicals be reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States. He stressed the importance of the issue in an indignant protest when the Supreme Court refused to consider the legality of a Department of Agriculture program to spray DDT from airplanes on more than 3 million acres of land in 10 states.

Justice Douglas' action climaxed a four-year battle by 13 residents of Long Island, N.Y., including Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, the ornithologist, and Archibald B. Roosevelt, son of President Theodore Roosevelt, to curb pesticide spraying in their area. They had sought an injunction in 1956 against the Department of Agriculture's spraying of DDT to eradicate the gypsy moth, on the grounds that it would poison vegetables, animals and human beings. While the case was moving through the courts the department moved through the air and the spraying was done. The Government then said it had no intention of repeating the spraying. The Second Circuit Court of Appeals held, therefore, that the question was moot, or a dead issue, and the Supreme Court refused to review this decision.

"A THREAT TO HUMAN HEALTH"

After discussing some of the testimony in the case, Justice Douglas wrote, "The public interest in this controversy is not confined to a community in New York. Respondents' spraying program is aimed at millions of acres of land throughout the eastern United States. Moreover, the use of DDT in residential areas and on dairy farms is thought by many to present a serious threat to human health, as evidenced by the record in this case as well as by alarms sounded by others on the problem. The need for adequate findings on the effect of



DEAD ROBINS PICKED UP ON THE CAMPUS OF MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY ARE SAD EVIDENCE OF KILLING POWER OF PESTICIDE

DDT is of vital concern not only to wildlife conservationists and owners of domestic animals but to all who drink milk or eat food from sprayed gardens. . . .

"I express no views on the merits of this particular controversy. Nor do I now take a position on the issue of mootness. But I do believe that the questions tendered are extremely significant and justify review by this court."

It is not only the scope of the spraying program but the changing nature of the compounds used that has led to such mounting concern. Since World War II, when DDT was put on the market, the deadliness of pesticides has increased markedly. Insects were found to develop immunity to DDT, and so the demand arose for stronger compounds with a wider killing effect. A long list of new organic pesticides was therefore developed, including the chlorinated hydrocarbons. Now more than 200 pesticides are sold in various formulas under thousands of trade names.

Dr. Clarence Cottam, director of the Welder Wildlife Foundation, Sinton, Texas (SI, Jan. 21, 1957), and former Assistant Director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, is one of the leaders in the campaign against

the wholesale and indiscriminate spraying of these toxic materials.

"The magnitude of this problem is tremendous," Dr. Cottam says. "It suggests to me that ultimately legislative action by Congress may be necessary to give more effective protection to man and his resources against overzealous operators. Knowledge needs to be available concerning the probable or possible indirect, as well as the direct, effect of the projected operational program."

The new chlorinated hydrocarbons have many curious properties. As a group they are highly toxic, but some are more poisonous than others and their effects are different upon different organisms. Upon being ingested some of them change form. In the body tissues of animals, for example, heptachlor metabolizes to heptachlor epoxide, which has proved to be more poisonous than the original compound. These chlorinated pesticides are also surprisingly stable and remain in the environment long after they have been deposited. Dieldrin and heptachlor remain lethal to invading fire ants from three to five years and possibly longer.

In the case of the imported-fire-ant program, appropriations for "eradication" were voted by Congress, and

it then became the obligation of the Department of Agriculture to carry out the program through its Pest Control Division. Officials administering the program have held that if they were permitted to carry on an all-out campaign the ant could be eliminated and any areas suffering damage to wildlife would be repopulated naturally. It is a matter of historic irony, however, that the entire furor over the fire ant has been concerned with an insect which, on further investigation, has turned out to be something less of a menace than it was originally made out to be.

Not so the poisons. One of the warnings sent out to local residents in advance of the spraying, for instance, says: "Cover gardens and wash vegetables before eating them; cover small fish ponds; take fish out of pools and wash pools before replacing the fish; don't put laundry out; keep milk cows off treated pastures for 30 days, and beef cattle 15 days; cover beehives or move them away; keep children off ground for a few days; don't let pets or poultry drink from puddles."

Gradually the imported fire ant seemed to lose some of its viciousness. There were denials that it ate crops.

continued on page 76



IN A HISSING FURY, BILLY MARTIN (LEFT)

Reds



ADVONISHES UMPIRE FRANK DASCOLI; TEAMMATE PETE WHISENANT, LESS SUBTLE, RAISES BAT TO REINFORCE HIS POINT OF VIEW

See Red

Photographs by Nels Leavitt—The Milwaukee Journal

Cincinnati, who lends his name to an Ohio city, was a peaceable Roman most of the time. But when obliged to defend the right, he would rear up and swap smites with anybody. Of a similar stripe are the Reds of Cincinnati, a baseball club dedicated to plenty of justice and fair play, especially for themselves. Catching the umpires in some intolerable miscalculations in Milwaukee last week, Billy Martin and Pete Whisenant sallied ferociously from the dugout to set things aright. But neither Martin's bellowing nor Whisenant's bat moved the officials—except to toss both men out of the ball game.



Sail Ho!

Photograph by Dale McGinn



Running before a 30-knot wind on San Francisco Bay, the skipper of the yawl *Baruna* commanded the spinnaker lowered away. As the wire halyard suspending the balloonlike sail began to pay out, the crewman on the other end lost control of the winch. Anguished were the cries that arose that instant, but steadfast was the breeze. Not even pausing for breath, it carried the sail, ripping and shredding, gloriously downwind. The time it

took *Baruna's* crew to hack the boat clear of her sodden spinnaker lost her a race to an old rival, her queenly sister yawl *Boiero*.

Not that it overly mattered. Out last week for another try, *Baruna*, with all canvas intact, lost once more. That was proof that *Boiero*, designed a decade ago by Olin Stephens specifically to beat *Baruna* (an earlier Stephens creation), was still being true to her charter.



IN A RICH VARIETY OF OLD SHIRTS (AND SHORTS), CHARGER CANDIDATES AWAIT TURN IN BLOCKING EXAMINATION. WOULD-BE PROS

Dreams of Glory

Photographs by Phil Both

STRAINING MIGHTILY, TWO HOPEFUL LINEMEN, ONE TALL, ONE SHORT, LURCHER DOWN TRACK AS COACHES CLOCK THEIR TIME. ALL





CAME FROM ALL OVER U.S., PAID THEIR OWN EXPENSES, SPENT FOUR DAYS DISPLAYING TALENTS ON SUBBANK, CALIF. PLAYGROUND

"If my parole comes through, I'd like to play for your team," wrote one man. Said another: "I'm not fast and I don't have much ability, but I try like hell." So ran dozens of earnest entreaties to the new American Football League's Los Angeles Chargers, an embryonic team still looking for players. On the chance—the very off chance—that some of the wishing might make it so, the

Chargers held a tryout open to all comers. Those who came included a piano tuner, an undertaker and a watchmaker. They came in everything from old jerseys to B.V.D.'s. And they came in a splendid assortment of 207 shapes and sizes. Sadly, only three were kept. But happily, each had the opportunity, however brief, to make like a pro and fulfill a long-smoldering dream of glory.

AT CAMP RECEIVED CARDS TO PROVE THEY TRIED OUT FOR TEAM



HEATE WATCHMAKER Chet Hamlett, piqued by taxing calisthenics, eased his 300 pounds through 50-yard sprint trial at a slow trot, granted: "I thought we was here to play football."



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Bluebloods and Red Roses

by WHITNEY TOWER

The best-bred colts in the Derby will have their work cut out for them as they chase the hero of the common herd—speedy Baily Ache

THE 1960 Kentucky Derby, which is to be run off for the 86th consecutive year at Churchill Downs next Saturday, might be retitled in the British tradition as a match between kings and commoners.

Two years ago the side of the kings, represented by the colt Tim Tam, soundly thrashed the upstart but nonetheless tremendously popular commoner, Silky Sullivan. This year both factions have been notably reinforced, and when the large field roars from the starting gate over Louisville's heart-testing mile and a quarter it may turn out that the winner will take his crown and wreath of roses only by demonstrating the sheer class and courage of a genuine 3-year-old champion.

If controversy is the fuel which sustains enthusiasm in every Kentucky Derby, the 86th running got off to a flying start months ago. As the weeks before post time dwindled, the roster of the kings—so labeled because each colt was royally bred and also owned by men and women of wealth, social position and long-standing racing prestige—became menacingly stronger.

Lined up on this side, for example, is one already illustrious son of Tom Fool (who also sired Tim Tam): Tompion, owned by C. V. Whitney, who is still looking for his first Kentucky Derby win after seeing his Eton blue silks go postward 13 times in 10 previous classics. Another equally promising Tom Fool colt, Weatherwise (owned by the Greentree Stable of the U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, J. H. Whitney, and his sister Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson), was declared out of the Derby this week after suffering a bruise inside his left front foot. Weatherwise, who won in brilliant fashion at Keeneland recently, was attempting to become the first horse since Middleground (1950) to win the Derby without benefit of winter racing. Here, too, is Victoria Park, the property of Canada's "Mr. Racing," millionaire Industrialist Edward F. Taylor; the possible entry of Eagle Admiral and Divine Comedy, owned by the Liangollen Farm of Mrs. Mary Elisabeth (Lix) Person. Then comes the Calu-

continued



IN HIS 16TH DERBY, C. V. WHITNEY TRIES TOMPION



LIX PERSON MAY SEND FORTH A MENACING ENTRY

VICTORIA PARK RUNS FOR E. F. TAYLOR, CANADA





COMBINATION OF BOB USSERY AND BALLY ACHE IS EXPECTED TO GO RIGHT TO THE FRONT IN THE DERBY AND TRY TO STAY THERE

THE DERBY continued

met team of Hillsborough and Pled d'Or, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham's late-developing Never Give In and Mrs. Adele L. Rand's Bourbon Prince.

The opposition to this powerful task force is, however, no mere overgrown and undertrained Silky Sullivan. In fact, it is headed by an unfashionably bred but fantastically capable piece of running machinery named Bally Ache, owned by a Toledo parts manufacturer, 39-year-old Leonard D. Fruchtmann. Next is Venetian Way, a chestnut son of Royal Coinage who belongs to a 72-year-old Lithuanian-American named Isaac Blumberg, who started in this country as a butcher, switched to the junk business in Chicago and later made enough money with a machinery manufacturing company to enable him to retire to Miami Beach—where one of his hobbies has apparently become the naming of his horses after local highways (his last good colt before Venetian Way: Lincoln Road).

Other owners, of course, with reasons more apparent to themselves

than to followers of form, may be expected to give the Derby the benefit of their patronage. And among the colts in this legion of hopefuls there may be such as Stephen, Yonolka, Fighting Hodge, Cuvier Relic, Tony Graff, El Zag, John William, Spring Broker and Henrihan. A win by any of these would go in the books alongside of the Derby's most recent long shot surprises—those of Count Turf (\$31.20) in 1951 and Dark Star (\$51.80) in 1953. A victory, however, by Leonard Fruchtmann (who paid \$2,500 for Bally Ache) or by Isaac Blumberg (who paid \$10,500 for Venetian Way), would not surprise too many people, least of all Messrs. Fruchtmann and Blumberg and their respective trainers, Jimmy Pitt and Vic Sovinski. Says Pitt of front-running Bally Ache, "They've still got to catch us to beat us." But, warns Sovinski, "Bally Ache will never heat Venetian Way again."

STRATEGY SEEMS DEIVIDUS

All this typical pre-race coffeehousing naturally brings up the subject of what kind of tactics will be employed at Churchill Downs next Saturday

afternoon. On this point only one assumption seems safe: Jockey Bobby Ussery will put Bally Ache on the lead and try to keep him there. From that moment the chase will be on. If, approximately two minutes and two seconds later, Bally Ache is first under the wire he will join a very select group of colts who won their Derbies on the front end from flagfall to finish. Going back only a couple of decades, War Admiral fashioned this sort of victory in 1937, as did Johnstown in 1939, Count Fleet in 1943, Hoop Jr. in 1945, Jet Pilot in 1947, Hill Gail in 1952, Dark Star in 1953—and the last was Swaps in 1955.

There is a vast difference, however, between running on the lead well in hand and being in a continual drive to thwart off one challenge after another. And in the Kentucky Derby, where each competing jockey has an almost fanatical urge to win, it is too much to expect that Ussery will be allowed to lope Bally Ache around that first mile while every other jock takes back and waits for him to stop.

Some other colt, whether he be part

continued



From Sven Falquist's interpretation of Robert the Bruce, Orrefores of Sweden was commissioned to engrave this 12-inch crystal vase for The Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series.

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of an entry or one of the outsiders who shouldn't be starting anyway, must run with him almost from the start. By doing so he will, of course, kill off his own chances, but he will almost surely spoil Bally Ache's, too. Leave Bally Ache to his own devices and he'll murder his field. In 1958 Lincoln Road nearly pulled it off. He went to the front at the start and had a two-length lead entering the stretch. Only a brilliant run by a champion like Tim Tam, who finally pulled him by half a length, stopped Lincoln Road from winning at 47-to-1 odds. All the arguments about Bally Ache's ability to go a distance (he's won twice now at a mile and an eighth) can go out the window if some colt does not put the big question to him both quickly and often. Disbelievers of California form (they are a fast-disappearing breed today) said Swaps could not go a mile and a quarter. When Eddie Arcaro took back on Nashua (to keep his most serious eye on third-place Summer Tan) Willie Shoemaker let Swaps roll. Realizing he was watching the wrong horse as he bit the far turn, Arcaro put Nashua into a drive. But when he drew up to Swaps entering the stretch Shoemaker simply let out a notch with Swaps, who had been coasting up to then, and he won drawing away. It was one of his easiest victories, simplified no end by false theorizing that he would stop in the last eighth. Good horses don't stop in the last eighth—unless they are forced to by better horses.

Venetian Way came close to beating Bally Ache in the Florida Derby and might well have done so had he been able to benefit from an additional week or so of training. With Bill Hartack on him in the Derby, he is going to be dangerous.

The most dangerous of all, however, figures to be Tompion, who, after a six-week layoff from competition following his record-breaking Santa Anita Derby victory, came back last week to capture the seven-furlong Forerunner at Keeneland. Tompion, who is a medium-sized brown colt just under 16 hands, has all the potential to be brilliant. He gave signs of it last year in winning the Hopeful at Saratoga. Then, following three straight losses to Warfare, it began to look as though Tompion just

wouldn't outgrow his precociousness. He wasn't a particularly alert gate horse, and it seemed that if he could not run free and clear (and with no dirt kicking up in his face) he would act like a sulky schoolboy.

Suddenly he appears to have gotten the headmaster's message. He's won three straight, and although he was still trying to jump a few shadows in his Keeneland race he put in the sort of finishing run that overwhelmed a good field in very fast time. "Considering seven furlongs may not be his best distance," said his rider, Willie Shoemaker, "and that he broke nearly one length behind his field, this was a real big race."

Charlie Whittingham, who trains Eagle Admiral and Divine Comedy for Liz Person's Llangollen Farm, thinks he may have not one but two good colts. "With one of the two we'll have a shot at this race," warns Whittingham. "And a pretty good shot at that."

A FIRST FOR CANADA

The same may be said for Edward P. Taylor's Victoria Park, who has already beaten Bally Ache once this winter and who, in his most recent start, finished second to Tompion. Once offered for sale at \$12,500, Victoria Park could give Canada her first Kentucky Derby victory. Even for Taylor, who has won his country's Derby equivalent, the Queen's Plate, five times, this would be a big thrill. So would it be for Jockey Manuel Yenza, who might get the mount.

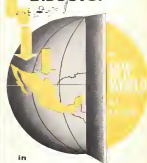
Far from a novelty, however, would be the sight of the devil's red-and-blue silks of Calumet Farm in the Churchill Downs winner's circle. They've been there a record seven times so far, and Hillsborough and Pied d'Or will try to make it eight. Pied d'Or, who has inherited much of his sire Nasrullah's unpredictable temperament, will be allowed to run—and, in fact, urged to—in an effort to keep the pace busy. Trainer Jimmy Jones tried this with him in the Flamingo, but it turned out that that was one of the days Pied d'Or decided to do no running at all.

Hillsborough, on the other hand, is a genuine stretch runner like his daddy, Ponder (Derby winner in 1949) and his granddaddy, Pensive (Derby winner in 1944). Jones thinks Hillsborough may be more advanced in

continued



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THE DERBY continued

his training than Ponder was at a similar stage, and in any case he's got to be given a chance even though his last race, in which he finished fifth to Tompion, was anything but good. The sight of Calumet colors at Churchill Downs has a habit of inspiring the bettors, and evidently the environment sometimes has the same effect on many a downgraded Calumet horse (as with Iron Liege in 1957). Jimmy Jones, who always has a word of despair on occasions like this, has already started his annual grumble rumble: "No, I haven't given up yet, but I'd say if we pulled it off now it would be the hat trick of all time."

Maine Chance Farm's Never Give In, second in last week's Wood Memorial to non-Derby eligible Francis S., might improve rapidly enough to be a threat. And if Eddie Arcaro elects to ride him his chances won't suffer any. Some day this colt's breeding will bring results, and major ones at that. He's by the Epsom Derby winner Never Say Die and his dam was the champion race mare Myrtle Charm. You can't beat that.

IN THE FINAL STRIDES

Inasmuch as everyone, from the organizer of the office hat pool to the oddsmaker at the Calliente Future Book, makes it a solemn duty to pick Derby winners, this department feels it should get in the act, too: for the first mile and an eighth Bally Ache is going to run his courageous heart out. Horses will run at him, not one challenger but two or three, and he'll put them away with devastating efficiency. Nearest to him, turning down the stretch where the last quarter of a mile will decide the 86th championship, should be Venetian Way, Tompion, Victoria Park, Divine Comedy and, possibly, Pied d'Or. Rolling into high gear behind them come Hillsborough and Eagle Admiral.

Past the eighth pole, and Bally Ache can hold the lead no longer. Down to the sixteenth pole, and it's Venetian Way, Tompion, Eagle Admiral, three of them across the track. In the last few desperate strides one of them draws slowly away. Last August his owner said of him, "I wouldn't be at all surprised if he isn't the best colt I've owned since Equipoise." His name: Tompion.

END

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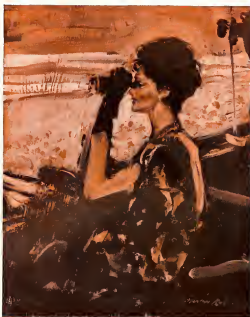
(don't you wish everybody did?)

SPECTACLE

Paintings by Morton Roberts

ONE TO CARE ABOUT

IN Kentucky it's called the Derby; in London, the *Derby*; in "Jockey," the *Doiby*. In reality it is only one of 27 derbies run in North America, only one of 39 races with a value of \$100,000, only one of 33,000 races run each year. But somehow *the* Kentucky Derby is the one horse race that Americans who do not normally care about horse racing talk about, think about and care about. It has been run since 1875 at a ramshackle track named Churchill Downs, and it appeals to Hollywood dolls, political would-bes and society's butterflies. Without plastic façades or Instant Hurry-Up it has kept up with the times without being crushed by commercialism's march. It has maintained grace and charm, those very elements which Artist Morton Roberts reflects with his brush and in his own words on the next four pages.



IN THE PADDOCK

*It was a hot day; the paddock
was sheltered, cool
and dark. Its colors
were deep and rich in contrast
to the silkiness of the horses,
nervous as they went by*







DOWN TO THE FINISH LINE

In the golden glow of the afternoon—a beautiful day, hot and still—the stands at Churchill Downs pulsated with color and intense excitement. To me the scene had a theatrical quality

WOMAN IN YELLOW

*I saw ladies with elegance
of taste and style. I was
impressed with the color
of the sky—and the clear
contrast of the lightness
of the silk against it*





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*Gene Littler is a Member of Spalding's Golf Advisory Staff.

This headline is from Master Teacher Tommy Armour's foreword to a new book, 'Golf for Women,' edited by Louise

Suggs and Pat Hagan Murray and scheduled for publication by Doubleday (\$3.95) May 20. Armour notes that women's golf differs from men's golf, and only expert women players know its secrets. Sports Illustrated begins three of the book's key lessons: The Long Irons, by Beverly Hanson; The Short Irons, by Barbara Romack; and Trap Shots, by Miss Suggs

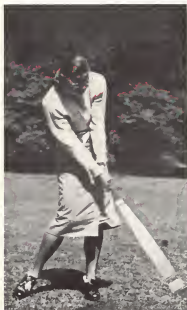
'A Great Boon

Part **1**

The Long Irons

by **BEVERLY HANSON**

One of the most vigorous competitors in women's golf, Beverly Hanson was the leading Ladies PGA money winner in 1958 and also had the lowest strokes-per-round average. Born in Fargo, N. Dak., Beverly has worked as a newspaperwoman and grapefruit rancher. She started golfing seriously in 1945 and gained national fame in 1950 by winning the U.S. Women's Amateur. Beverly has an exceptionally well-rounded game, but is known chiefly for her great skill with the long irons.



to Women Golfers'



BEVERLY HANSON



BARBARA ROMACK



LOUISE SUGGS

THE LONG IRONS are my favorite clubs. This is an odd preference, because for most women they are the terrors of the golf bag.

It seems to me that women dislike the long irons mainly because they are afraid of the straighter, smaller faces. This is understandable, but it's unfortunate that more teachers don't point out that the longs are lighter, whippier and, once under control, infinitely more accurate than any other club in the bag—except perhaps the putter.

In approaching a lesson with the long irons, I first try to get the pupil to relax, to get and stay loose. I want her to have the same flexibility in the knees that she has in dancing. Only this kind of flexibility produces the freedom through the shoulders that leads to a smooth and easy swing. For if the natural male swagger makes for more ease in swinging a club, his extra strength and power also get him into more trouble on the course. His problem is learning to control his power; a woman has the easier task of learning to build up to power. When a man makes a mistake with a long iron, he's in trouble—as well as

in the rough. When a woman makes a mistake, she may fall short of the target, but the chances are that the ball will be in the direction she wanted it to go.

The successful way to use the two-, three- and four-irons is based entirely on swing. Now, if women do have a disadvantage in golf it is that they move from their hips almost exclusively, while the golf swing is a one-two movement that works out of the shoulders.

A perfect illustration is the Hula-Hoop. If you put a Hula-Hoop on a woman she can learn to use it in a matter of moments, but a Hula-Hoop on a man is a Hula-Hoop lost. He has to learn a completely new movement. Well, the same thing is true of a woman swinging a golf club. The woman golfer must learn to let her arms and shoulders swing freely away from her body; she must learn to use that one motion to describe an arc.

Remember, a golf swing is actually a negative way of creating power. The power is held in check on the backswing; it builds up on the downswing; it springs into action coming

through the ball and it diminishes on the follow-through. But the power itself is produced by the arc, which in turn is produced solely by the shoulders and arms. The natural swagger with which a man walks produces a golf swing; it helps him to learn the motion more quickly than most women. But that doesn't for a moment mean a woman can't learn it, or do just as well with it as a man.

I also tell my pupils that the stance gets wider as the number of the club decreases. In other words, it is widest for the two-iron, narrowest for the nine. It should never be wider than the shoulders, but since the stance is the foundation for the swing, the more expansive swing demanded by the long irons demands a wider stance.

Having adopted a fairly wide stance, the pupil is swinging the club like a dream. She's loose and easy, both knees are flexible, and her hands are gripping the club correctly. It's a fine start, but that doesn't guarantee that the ball is going to travel 140 or 150 yards to the green. The difference between an iron used well and a

continued

horror on the fairway lies at the point of contact between the clubhead and the ball.

We already have established that a long iron has a straighter face than any other club. O.K. But don't let it throw you. If you want the ball to go true, rest the club on the ground, let the shaft lean toward the body and grip the club as it truly lies. The rule for other clubs applies to the long irons as well: If you want the ball to go low or to the left, close the face slightly; if you want to slice, open the face. Unless you're in an unnatural lie, let the face alone do the job for which it was designed; I meant what I said when I emphasized the control it is possible to get from a long iron. Any one of these clubs will respond to a hairbreadth change in opening or closing the face.

CRUSADE FOR THE GRIP

A point that comes up here is the grip—and I could start a separate crusade on that! So many golfers are concerned about placing their right pinky in the correct position over the left index finger that they inevitably wind up with a weak wrist—"the slicer's grip," we call it. The most important thing you can do is to concentrate on getting the index finger and thumb of the right hand into place. Then let the rest of the fingers fall into line. In doing this, the golfer should think of the club as a gun and the right index finger as the trigger finger. This is the strong player's position. I'll say categorically that golf can be played without ever using the pinky. The forefinger and the thumb are the most important elements of the grip, and you will never play well without having them set properly.

What determines the choice among the two-, three- and four-irons? Well, several factors. Yardage, of course, is one of them. How long is the shot? And what distance do you get from each iron? What kind of green are you shooting at? If the green is soft and slow, your ball may carry onto it without skittering over the back edge and into trouble. If hard and fast, you may have to hit short and run up.

Sometimes, when a golfer runs into a really hard green, she'll find herself playing what we call basketball golf. She'll have to dribble the ball up onto the green. In that case, if she's con-

fronted with a shot of 150 yards, she certainly wouldn't take a two-iron and strike for the pin. She'd take a three- or four-, let the ball hit short and bounce. Each circumstance finds its own solution and its own club. This is one of the most rewarding—and infuriating—parts of golf: The player must eventually get to the point where his judgment in the choice of a club is as accurate as his swing.

At about this point pupils usually ask: How often should I practice? How important is it? This depends on what the individual wants out of the game. Most people who are fond of golf go way beyond thinking of it as a hobby-sport. It assumes much more importance than the three or four hours it takes to go around a course. For them, I'd say that a couple of practice sessions a week are almost mandatory.

There is another factor, too. If a woman's game has been going along smoothly, a lay-off of six days can produce something that I think of as an emotional shock when she picks up her clubs again. She'll be rusty for the first few holes at least, and this can throw the rest of her game, as well as show up on the scorecard in a disconcerting way. If two practice sessions a week are difficult to manage, there is another answer. Try practice swinging in the backyard (or an uncluttered room, for that matter) as a filler while waiting for the groceries to be delivered, or during a coffee break, or instead of a short walk. Practice helps keep the shoulder muscles loose and, as with every other sport, the more familiar the equipment feels, the more adept the player will be in actual performance.

This sureness with the clubs is particularly important for a woman. Unsure of herself in this game to begin with, she is particularly susceptible to the well-meaning friend who comes along and destroys her confidence (and often her incentive) by saying, "Your stance is all off. And your grip could be improved. Why not try..." It's easy enough to become discouraged while the learning process is going on without friends suddenly appearing in the guise of unlicensed pros. When it happens, the golfer must ignore it and concentrate on the pointers she has picked up from her teacher and on those she has worked out for herself—and be-

lieve me, there will be plenty of both.

Something I've found of immeasurable help to a woman is a series of simple hand-strengthening exercises. Strong forearms and wrists can make or break a golf game. Twisting a towel—wringing it—is one of the best exercises I know for just this purpose. I'm sure our grandmothers had much stronger wrists than we do. Washing machines hadn't made their appearance then. So our answer is this towel-wringing routine. One thing: the towel should be wrung inward, toward the body, rather than away, as ordinarily it would be. Squeezing a rubber ball is a good exercise, too. I'm not for a moment implying that one must become an addict to do this. Again, it is a question of those occasions, no matter how few, when 15 minutes, 30 minutes, or an hour of exercise would not be a chore. Believe me, the results will be noticed on the course!

THE SUMMING UP

To sum up: I would unqualifiedly recommend to women seriously interested in their game that they devote more time to their long irons—and less apprehension. The irons will take care of a golfer in situations where the woods simply don't measure up. I've watched women practicing who usually call it a day when they get to the long irons. In a way, of course, they're smart to spend more time on the short irons, because that's where girls lower their score most quickly. But by ignoring the two-, three- and four-irons, they are missing a thrill: seeing a well-stroked ball go right to the pin is truly gratifying. Each club is worth so many yards, depending on the player's capability, and while there are instances where a five-wood will do very nicely, with less trouble, there are others where an iron is the saving grace for par. Just don't be discouraged. The finest golfers don't always hit the long irons well, but if a certain proficiency can be attained with these most difficult clubs, there is no part of the game beyond attainment for the conscientious player. And once that happy situation is reached, a woman has beaten a game at which she is supposed to be inept. The supposition is wrong and so are the people who make it. Golf is for everybody; "everybody" includes women—as golf includes the long irons.

CONTINUED

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A WIDE STANCE IS NEEDED FOR LONG IRONS



THE RIGHT KNEE IS MOBILE DURING THE BACKSWING

LONG IRONS ARE DESIGNED FOR LONG BACKSWING



THE LONG IRONS *continued*

THE PRACTICE TEE

With questions, answers and photographs, Beverly Hanson tells and shows you exactly how to use the long irons

Remember that the long irons are designed so that you can take a longer backswing. Take advantage of that to get a fuller, wider arc. That means you can get more club speed and the faster you can bring the clubhead through the ball, the farther the ball is going to go.

PROBLEM:

I try so hard to get the distance that I'm overpowering these long irons.

That's all right. Like everything else, it means more practice. And, of course, remember at the same time that these are the irons you can get accuracy with—you've got to think of that, too. A wider, smoother arc—that's the way.

PROBLEM:

I'm afraid I've got a mental block on the irons.

That's natural, unfortunately! You've got plenty of company. Now, let's take the address position.

PROBLEM:

Does the face look open enough?

That's fine. Always remember, the easiest changes you can make in a golf swing are the changes you make before you start swinging.

PROBLEM:

Before I start?

In other words, changes you try making during the swing are almost always doomed since the entire swing takes only a couple of seconds, so your chances of correcting an error are better made while you're in address position. The errors that we make in that position account for 85 to 90% of all mistakes made during the swing anyway. You'll find that the more you can work toward having an equal amount of knee flex at the address, the easier it will be to keep the right from stiffening on the backswing.

PROBLEM:

I'm so conscious of that right leg now—and that right knee.

Well, take the club and pretend you're dancing for a second. Just feel the mobility you'd have in your knees. Now take the club, throw it out in front of you with the same amount of bounce in your knees and feel how much more club speed you can get that way. Now you've got a swinging action. That's wonderful position at the top! Do you feel that you're swinging through to the finish?

continued



RIGHT-HAND GRIP SHOULD ALWAYS BE WELL SPREAD



RIGHT THUMB AND FOREFINGER DETERMINE RELEASE

AN INCORRECT GRIP WILL CAUSE AN AWEKWARD SWING



THE LONG IRONS continued

PROBLEM:

But it's like a nine-iron shot. How long will it take me to get distance?

Distance is a matter of being in position and trusting. You are just beginning to get position. You're going to have to hit quite a few to learn to get stronger release through the hitting area. The longer you can delay your clubhead release, the more distance you'll get. In other words, the only reason you swing a club back is to give yourself time to build speed on the way back down. Now, if you do go to the effort of making a good backswing and then you start releasing that power just as you start down, your club speed is going to be virtually nil when you reach the ball. Another thing you might check on is your right-hand grip. I notice you tend to have that thumb way up and you're almost making a fist out of that hand. Spread it more. Let the index finger come farther down the shaft. You know the feeling that the index finger is the trigger finger? Well, that's what we want in golf. Remember that the thumb and forefinger help you determine when you release your blow. If you have that right hand balled up like a fist you have absolutely no way of conserving your club speed—of building up speed. You want your wrists to begin to break—to relax—as you start your forward swing, and that trigger position will help you do this. Get as much of your right hand on the shaft as you can. Now grip it tightly. Make sure that the web between the thumb and the forefinger is very closely knit together. Concentrate on getting the trigger finger and the thumb on first. The last thing to put on is the little finger. Good. Let's go to the four-iron now.

PROBLEM:

Do I have the same grip, Bev? I always thought my little finger on the right hand had to be interlocked with the left hand.

You mean actually interlocked?

PROBLEM:

No. I mean holding the left, I guess.

Your right pinky can sit right on the knuckle of the left index just as long as the two hands work as a unit. Do you feel that you're getting better power with more right hand?

PROBLEM:

I feel that I've got a lot more control, that's for sure.

You'll find it will make 100% difference in your swing—in timing your release and wrist action. If you're going to be a good player, it's a basic rule of the game that the clubhead cannot pass the hands until you have contacted the ball. At impact, the clubhead and the hands should be no more than parallel. If you're not using the right-hand thumb and forefinger the way you should, your swing breaks down. The clubhead passes the hands be-

fore you've contacted the ball. Also, you learn to sense where that clubhead is through the use of thumb and forefinger of the right hand. Get that trigger finger out there so that the inside of the index finger is pushing right against the side of the shaft.

PROBLEM:

I don't close the face of this club any more than I do?

No, ma'am! Never close the club face unless you want to hit low or to the left. Now let's move to the two-iron.

PROBLEM:

Just what is the difference, Ben? Does it change my grip, or stance, or swing?

The difference is practically nil. The grip and the stance are the same. You can anticipate a little longer shot—again because of a slightly longer shaft. And you can expect a slightly lower ball because of a straighter club face. The two-iron seems to be everybody's candidate for an unfavorable club because it is the most difficult iron to handle. Many players are going to the five-wood because it's so easy, but I personally think the two-iron merits attention. Your swing is essentially the same; just because there's a No. 2 on the bottom of the club, it shouldn't throw a golfer into a tailspin.

PROBLEM:

Do you think I should get as much distance with my two-iron as with my five-wood?

Definitely.

PROBLEM:

But not loft.

In time, you'll get almost the same loft as well.

PROBLEM:

I feel that index finger. It makes a tremendous difference.

Doesn't it? You know just where the club is. You have excellent right elbow position, too—at the top of your backswing, your right elbow is pointed toward the ground, and that's something I like to see in a golfer. If that elbow is tossed off into the air, it's too easy for the right side to take complete charge at the start of the downswing and you'll find yourself going outside of the ball and chopping down.

PROBLEM:

I find it very hard to concentrate on two things while hitting the ball; I either have to think of one or the other.

That's a good point. Actually, I think that every golfer who's still learning the game is wisest if she takes one point and sticks to it until it becomes part of her game. If you leap-frog from point to point, you confuse a difficult game even more. Stay with one point until it's a

continued



THE CLUB FACE SHOULD BE CLOSED ONLY FOR LOW SHOT



THE TWO-IRON SWING IS THE SAME AS FOR FIVE-WOOD

RIGHT ELBOW POINTS DOWN AT TOP OF BACKSWING





SWING GOES ALL WAY THROUGH, AS IF LEADING BALL

THE SWING IS BASICALLY THE SAME FOR ALL IRON SHOTS



THE LONG IRONS *continued*

part of you and your swing. Then you'll find that when you approach the ball, there's one more detail you can forget about.

PROBLEM:

I wish my swing would straighten out.

Well, that fault is the result of a slight breakdown of the right wrist as you're coming to the ball. That opens the club face, which sends the ball off to the right. But the more familiar you become with the grip, the easier it will be for you to drive straight on through. If you're going to hit the ball straight, the club face must be square when it contacts the ball.

PROBLEM:

You mean I should bring it back through the way you're just doing—as though I were leading the ball?

Well, you'll learn to sense the position of that clubhead the more familiar you become with the triggerlike grip. That's much better. You don't seem to be quite as afraid of those long irons as you were.

PROBLEM:

I lost them now. I never understood them before and I'd never use them, but you're right—I'm not afraid now.

Good! Really, this game isn't as complicated as people have made it. You only have one swing, and you use it all the way through. The only changes that take place are the increasing wideness of your stance as the clubs get lower in number—so your arms will get wider and your swing a little fuller. But too many people think you have a completely different swing with a six-iron than you would have with a two- or three- and it isn't true. One swing carries through.

PROBLEM:

I'm glad to be reassured that the swing holds for all clubs. I had worried about the difference among the clubs.

Well, as I've mentioned, we have a slightly wider stance as the clubs get longer simply because the swing gets bigger and we need a bigger base on which to operate.

So—keep in mind:

- 1) As the club gets longer, the stance gets wider.
- 2) In establishing your grip, think of the club as a gun and your right forefinger as the trigger finger; setting this finger and the right thumb on the club is the most important part of the grip.
- 3) The arc of the swing is produced by moving the shoulders as one unit.
- 4) Develop flexibility in both knees.
- 5) Unless you are shooting from sloping ground, keep the club face square, or true.
- 6) Practice twice a week is essential.
- 7) Simple hand-and-wrist exercises will strengthen your wrists and forearms for power.
- 8) Practice faithfully everything your pro tells you.

NEXT WEEK: The Short Irons, by Barbara Remack

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Photographs by Suzanne Sessé

The week of May 1 to 7 has been designated by President Eisenhower as National Youth Fitness Week, and the happy family shown at right is making its own special and significant contribution to it.

They have been chosen by *Sports Illustrated* and Bonnie Prudden to introduce a new program that will help American parents to build a fit generation of children right in their own home—from babyhood on



THE POUTEAU FAMILY LOOKS FORWARD TO ITS FITNESS PROGRAM

Fitness from the Cradle

A FACT OF FITNESS that hitherto has gone virtually unnoticed is that a sound program can be started right from infancy. Most children, in the first formative years before the walls of the schoolroom begin to circumscribe their lives, have little or no guidance on the development of physical health. Yet these are the very years when a sound program can lay the foundations for fitness that will last a lifetime and build habits that will never be forgotten. With this in mind, Bonnie Prudden, director of New York's Institute for Physical Fitness, has devised a program of exercises specifically for infants. As her models, she chose René and Julia Pouteau and their two-month-old son René.

The importance of Bonnie's new program is that it puts the responsibility—and the opportunity—for improving children's fitness where it belongs: on the parents. Whether you live in the wide open spaces or in crowded city quarters, you can follow Bonnie's exercises now in your own home and, what is even more important, your child can continue to follow them as he grows older. The Pouteaus, who live in a garden-apartment development, are making the most of their opportunities to give their son René John a good start in life. Both have their own favorite sports, Julia, 28, loves swimming and the modern dance. Father René, 30, a native Frenchman who came to the U.S. in 1962 on a Fulbright scholarship and is now acquiring citizenship while working as a travel agent, plays soccer.

The first exercises follow the baby's natural motions. No equipment is needed, just a warm, draft-free room, a good-sized, washable blanket on a carpeted floor and a small diaper on the baby. Patience and gentleness will

do the rest and make it an enjoyable time for mother and baby. Music adds to the baby's sense of rhythm, and Bonnie's new record, *Keep Fit . . . Be Happy* (Warner Brothers), has a special section designed for the purpose. Before you start the program, be sure to check with your pediatrician to make sure your baby is healthy. At the first sign of illness, stop the exercises until all is well again. Now, to see how you and your baby can join Bonnie and the Pouteaus, turn to the next page.

CONTINUED

BONNIE PRUDDEN LOOKS OVER HER NEW GENERATION PUPIL



DIAPER GYMNASTICS AT TWO MONTHS



1 THE GRIP helps baby regain an instinct lost soon after birth. Close that tiny fist over your forefinger and gently stretch baby's arm to full length. Baby's natural resistance to stretch will help build up his strength. Do five each side.



2 CHEST STRETCH, for arm and chest muscles, lets lungs expand, helps to prevent round shoulders. Cross the baby's arms, then slowly extend them outward against baby's instinctive resistance. Do this five times, repeat again later.



5 BOTTOMS-UP exercise strengthens back, stretches abdominal muscles. Slip hands under thighs, lift gently and hold a few seconds. After a few weeks, remove one supporting hand so baby holds free leg himself. Five times.



6 TUMMY CRAWL is exciting adventure for baby. Tuck baby's knees up under, brace your thumbs against soles of his feet. Even at one month many babies will shove themselves forward as they straighten legs. Repeat five times.



3 DOUBLE-LEG STRETCH is important aid for sturdy, straight legs. Grasp legs firmly, bend knees and push against tummy, then straighten and stretch. Baby will resist at first, but this strengthens leg muscles. Start with 10.



4 HAMSTRING STRETCH for back-of-leg muscles and hips increases flexibility of limbs. With your thumbs behind baby's calves and fingers over knees, carefully straighten baby's legs and lift his seat off floor. Do six at intervals.

MOTHER'S TURN comes at end of session. The Abdominal Set is one exercise she should do eight or 10 times a day to help her figure return quickly to its young lines. While baby enjoys your company, get down on all fours with head hanging. Relax.

Then, without moving any other part of the body, pull in abdominal muscles. Hold this position for a slow count of five, then relax for three counts and repeat five times. Julia Poseau (below) lost one inch around the waist in one month.



The young lions

The 1960 Masters marked the emergence of the young pros as golf's new leaders

THE RECENT Masters was so rich in incident that when one looks back on it after returning from the South, sending the laundry out and getting used to leather-soled shoes again, a dozen or more sidelights come to mind which deserve expanded comment.

For one thing, there was the extremely strong showing of the amateur contingent, no less than 10 of the 17 who started making the cut. Why the amateurs regularly do so much better in the Masters than in the Open is hard to understand. Their familiarity with the course and its less severe demands on tee-shot accuracy may account for this up to a point, but it certainly doesn't explain why they play so tentatively in the Open that they are frequently inviolable.

For a second thing, there was the rousing tee-to-green shotmaking of Ben Hogan. Over the past six years Ben has emphasized placement and control and has rarely let out on his full shots. The Hogan we saw at Augusta was the old Hogan, really moving into his drives and bashing them great distances, with a little draw on the ball instead of the customary cultivated fade. One began to remember how long he used to be. Had this rejuvenation held true also for his work on and around the greens there would have been no limit to what he might have done. But it is hard to recall a player of his class ever putting so poorly, though perhaps Vardon did in his 50s. On his last two rounds Ben took 75 putts, not that this figure by itself conveys his thorough malaise on the greens. When he plays the other shots, Ben, these days, gets set before the ball with a total lack of waste motion, an almost singular ease and sureness; when he is putting, he is

seldom able to get set comfortably, and only once or twice around is he able to draw his putter back from the ball without freezing over it for long, long seconds and then bolting into a timid, pushy stroke.

The main point about the 1960 Masters, however, was that it marked the coming of age of our young professionals. Since 1955 they have dominated the PGA tour. In the last three seasons they have broken through in the major championships. But this Masters was the first time that so many of the young stars played so consistently well that they actually succeeded in stamping their imprint on a prestige event. From the outset, Palmer, Venturi and Finsterwald—and later on, Casper—were the people to watch. As the tournament moved on, they became increasingly dynamic figures in the eyes of their huge galleries. For the first time spectators not only felt the force of their golf but of their personalities and began to view them as young men not at all devoid of glamour and excitement.

For a long while these Young Lions have been regarded as rather colorless performers. I suppose that anyone who followed after Hogan and Snead would be doomed to seem so. Apart from their magnificent talent, both Ben and Sam are by nature extraordinarily dramatic individuals—Sam, with his plenteous emotions on his sleeve, striding the fairways like some long-enthroned pharaoh when things are under control, at more troubled times riddled with disgust and trudging from hole to hole muttering an endless monologue of frustration; Ben, in his earlier years as burningly cold as dry ice, warmer since 1955 and more philosophic but still a classic study in massive concentration and intensity. Both are, in truth, a little more than life-size.

The young professional leaders—

continued



PALMER—STRONGEST AND LONGEST

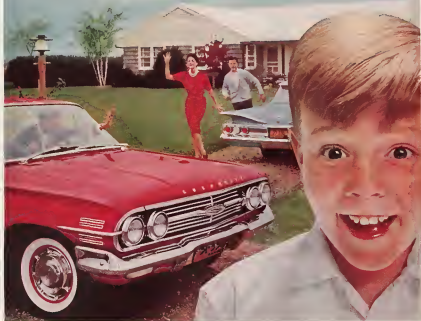


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Palmer (30), Finsterwald (30), Sou-chak (32), Venturi (28), Casper (28), Rosburg (33) and Littler (29)—are a different breed. They have fire and ambition and deep veins of determination, but generally speaking their attitude is one of purposeful restraint. They want to be good golfers and not "characters," and they try to keep their feelings in check. They realize that if they stay pacific they will play better and, apart from this, on principle they are against emoting. For the most part, they are college men who from the first had a very clear idea of what they hoped to get from a career in golf. They were fortunate in hitting the pro ranks at the golden moment when purses were reaching new highs, and endorsements and promotions frequently doubled what they earned in prize money. Instead of being stampeded by their early success, they had the solidity to face up to it and to keep their sense of proportion. The thing that came hardest for them was gaining recognition as first-class golfers and not second-magnitude stars of the road company. They did not resent the longevity of Hogan and Snead and Middlecoff and the other established heroes, but they thought that they had earned a little room at the top for themselves, and it bothered them when the championships came around and they went almost unnoticed. Here they helped themselves most by coming through with much better golf in the major events, the tournaments that make the difference.

Each of these young professionals is quite individual in manner, but they share the common attitude of devoting their attention almost exclusively to playing their golf shots and not to entertaining the gallery. They hope you will like how they approach the game, but the concessions they make to their audiences—the most trying in all of sport since they are right on the playing field at your elbow—are seldom if ever brought on by the pursuit of popularity for itself. For example, the fact that Palmer frowns much less than he used to resulted from his wife's mentioning to him that golf, besides being a serious business, was also a sport in which extreme grimaces was out of place; Arnold thought

continued

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GOLF continued

it over and quite agreed with her.

Their restraint does not make them colorless, far from it. Theirs is simply a different kind of color, similar, say, to that of Pee Wee Reese and Gil Hodges. It takes a little longer to appreciate this kind of athletic personality, but for anyone who is observant and knows sport, the pleasure they give is enormous and the flavor lasts.

When Ken Venturi, after going out in 31 in the opening round of the Masters, was stumbling home on the backside in 42, there was a strange and ghostly aura to his collapse: it closely paralleled what happened in 1956



CASPER—AN EXTRAORDINARY PUTTER

when he took a 42 on the last nine and blew the tournament. Both times he started to slide when he missed a short putt on the 11th green. Both times he faltered badly on the 12th. Both times he seemed to right himself on the 13th. Both times he three-putted the 14th from the lower deck and then took three from the edge to bogey the 15th. Both times he parred the short 16th but then lost another stroke to par by overhitting the 17th green and taking three to get down. There were many differences, but in outline the resemblance between past and present was quite incredible. No one, probably, was more aware of it than Venturi himself, caught as he was in what must have seemed like a bad dream.

I have no idea what thoughts went through Ken's head that evening or how he managed to regain his confidence overnight, but somehow he did. His superb play on the last three

rounds was one of the most remarkable demonstrations of courage in a very long time and one of the most affecting. It was a pity after coming all the way back that he couldn't have won, but he will one of these days.

During the last few weeks golf has had more than its usual share of controversies, what with the commotion over the Snead-Rudolph TV match and the intricate problem that arose at Augusta when Dow Finsterwald reported on his second round an infraction he committed the day before—trying a practice putt on the fifth green after holing out.

In this latter case, had the Rules Committee wanted to be strict, they



BOUGHAK—GOOD FROM TEE TO GREEN

could have disqualified Finsterwald on the technicality that he had turned in an incorrect score for his first round. They chose to be generous and to assess him a "retroactive" two-stroke penalty on the grounds that the breach of the rules did not influence the play of the ball on the hole where it occurred. This decision and the spirit behind it is a step in the right direction. Rules are rules and we all know their importance, but in the complicated world of tournament golf today where there are USGA rules and PGA rules and local rules, outright disqualification should be avoided for a technical, peripheral error such as Finsterwald's—or even for signing a card where the total score is correct but the score for one hole may be incorrect.

This matter of incorrect scorecards is a whole province in itself, difficult, ticklish and ramified, but some review of the present procedures might be

continued

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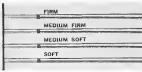
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GOLF continued

undertaken with profit. In this general connection, it has long seemed to me that it would be a sound idea to install two tents at all important tournaments. One would be directly behind the first tee, and the players would pass through it before beginning their rounds. Inside, any rules requiring their special attention would be posted, and an official would be present to answer any questions. The second tent would be situated right behind the 18th green, and the players would enter it directly after finishing a round. With no distractions they could calmly go over their cards and consult with an official on problems.

A SORRY PERFORMANCE

As for the celebrated Case of the Fifteen Clubs, the issue does not seem to be one of morality but rather of extremely bad judgment all down the line. Sam Snead, of course, should have reported that he was carrying an extra club the moment he discovered it on the 12th hole. The producers, of course, should have interrupted the film at this point, the 12th hole, and explained what had happened and how the match had been won by Rudolph. And the network, to be sure, should not be acting now as if it had not been aware previously of what had transpired. (Nothing could have been more maladroit than the way NBC reran the film of the match, trying to pass the buck in an introductory spiel of great false piety and adding the taped interviews with Snead, Rudolph and Harrison in which none of the pertinent questions were answered. It is even clearer now than before that the complete truth has never been told.)

All these errors of judgment resulted from the lopsided ideas people in television seem to get about the true function of their medium. They somehow wind up thinking that any match that lacks suspense and a thrilling finish is, perforce, a dull show. They couldn't be more mistaken. The people who watch the filmed golf matches don't expect every match to be a dramatic experience. They find their enjoyment in watching the swings and the shots—the golf—of fine golfers. It is regrettable that television hasn't appreciated that authenticity and entertainment, far from being in conflict, are the same thing.

END

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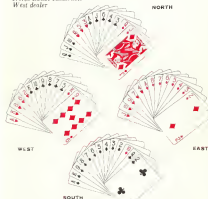
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

IMPs in the cards

WHEN a bridge session suddenly explodes into a series of wild distributions, players say, "The devil has got into the cards." To beat the devil, tournaments like the current World Bridge Olympiad in Turin are scored in International Match Points, which are awarded in accordance with a table designed to minimize the chance that a single freak deal might decide an entire championship. Using IMPs, it is possible to gain more by scoring 560 regular bridge points than by scoring 4,100. For instance, if you should make 70 points in each of eight deals, you would be entitled to 16 IMPs (see chart), while 4,100 points on a single deal would be worth only 15 IMPs. Steady play, in other words, would net you more points than one big, lucky hand.

How is it possible to score more than 4,000 points on a single hand? Here is one way this was done in a match played in Stockholm quite some time ago.

North-South vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♥	PASS	4♦	DBL
5♥	PASS	5 N.T.	6♦
7♥	PASS	PASS	7♦
DBL	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: heart king

East's leap to four diamonds was an asking bid of a type long obsolete in this country but still used in Europe. The bid asked if partner held first- or second-round control of diamonds. West ignored the intervening dou-

INTERNATIONAL MATCH POINT SCALE

Following are IMP equivalents to bridge points totaled under the usual method. Note that IMPs are subdivided after each deal, and after each

POINTS	IMPs	POINTS	IMPs	POINTS	IMPs
0-10 = 0		350-430 = 7		1,500-1,990 = 14	
20-30 = 1		500-740 = 6		2,000-2,450 = 11	
70-100 = 2		750-990 = 5		2,500-2,950 = 10	
140-210 = 3		1,000-1,240 = 4		3,000-3,450 = 9	
220-340 = 4		1,250-1,490 = 3		3,500-3,950 = 8	
				4,000 or more = 15	

ble to bid five hearts, showing second-round diamond control and the heart ace. East's five no trump asked partner to bid seven of the agreed suit (by inference, hearts) if he had two top honors. When West bid the grand slam, South "sacrificed" at seven spades.

South ruffed the heart opening and led out his trumps. On the last one, West had to find a discard from the ace of hearts and the king-10-9 of clubs. When West discarded a club, declarer threw the queen of hearts from dummy, saving the ace-jack-6 of clubs.

A successful club finesse, followed by the ace to drop West's king, let South score all the tricks and 2,470 points—substantially better than setting seven hearts one trick.

But his team's gain was to be greater still. At the other table, a teammate bought the contract at seven diamonds doubled, and South selected the queen of clubs for his opening lead. West's king covered, forcing North's ace, and East trumped. After two rounds of trumps, a heart lead revealed North's uncatchable queen. So East led dummy's 10 of clubs and finessed. He led another club; this time North played his jack, and declarer trumped. He returned to dummy with a high heart and discarded his heart losers on the clubs. He too made a grand slam, adding 1,630 points to his team's score.

EXTRA TRICK

When bidding warns of freakish distribution, unless you are certain you can set the opponents it is sound practice to buy the contract at any price. **END**

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SHOOTING / Jack Olsen



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**Battery-packin' pistol gives
Olympic shooters hope for
bloodless win over Russians**

*"It's the greatest thing I ever saw!"
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ever heard of!"*

—Victor Appleton, Tom Swift
and His Electric Rifle

HISTORY has been working feverishly for nearly 50 years to catch up with Tom Swift, his wizard camera and his submarine boat, his giant cannon and his electric runabout, and now history has another victory to record. The electric pistol, soon to be followed by the electric rifle, is upon us. Gun experts are as certain as prognosticators can be that this new American invention, made by the

High Standard Manufacturing Corp. of Hamden, Conn., will give the U.S. a better than even crack at the Olympic free pistol event, a competition at which Europeans, and latterly the Soviet Union, have excelled.

The free pistol event is an easygoing affair with a premium on calmness and care—the contestant squeezes off 60 shots in three hours. The event is called "free" because the pistol may be designed or altered in almost any way except caliber (.22). The standard gun has been the Hammerli, a Swiss-made prima donna which is so touchy that a mere increase in temperature or a slight breeze will cause an unintentional shot to be fired. American shooters have shied away from the free pistol event because they could not get used to the gypsy ways of the Hammerli; the new electric pistol, though it can be



PISTOL MECHANISM is activated when trigger (1) hits contact screw (2), completing circuit powered by batteries (3). The electromagnet (4) pulls down the sear connector (5), releasing rotary sear (6) and allowing striker (7) to slam into firing pin (8) which fires cartridge. Gun is recoiled and made ready for next shot by pulling striker back.



TRIGGER "ALMOST TOO LIGHT TO FEEL"

triggered by a feather (above), cannot go off accidentally. In Europe, furthermore, slow-fire free pistol shooting has been a highly popular sport for decades. The Russians alone have thousands of qualified free pistol experts; America has about 20.

The Hi-Standard electric pistol, which was rushed into the hands of the U.S. Army Advanced Marksmanship Unit at Fort Benning, Ga. in March, will even things up. Shortly after delivery, free pistol shooters like Sergeant First Class Nelson (Abe) Lincoln and Master Sergeant Roy L. Sutherland threw away their Hämmerlis for the new gun. Already they are shooting scores far superior to winning marks in recent international events. The Advanced Marksmanship Unit will provide almost all of the 10 American shooters in the Olympics, and their free pistol shooters will use High Standard's electric weapon. With it, they expect to win.

It is not unfitting that the first eight of the new pistols should have gone to the AMU; it was there at Benning that the gun was conceived. M. Sgt. Herman Gano, a 31-year-old armorer, figured that a simple electromagnet, actuated by self-contained batteries in the grip (see diagram), could fire a free pistol far more smoothly and quickly than the complex mechanical system of springs and lever arms normally used. Gano turned his basic idea over to High Standard's Gary Wilhelm, who completed the design.

The result is a supergun, the best free pistol in the world. One of its virtues is that it gets rid of the bullet

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IN HANDY TUBES OR
PLASTIC SQUEEZE BOTTLES

SHOOTING continued

three times as fast as other free pistols. Thus, if the shooter is on target when he breaks the trigger, the chances are that much better that he will be in the bull's-eye; there is that much less time for the barrel to waver off target.

"But the main thing," says the gray-haired Sergeant Lincoln, America's best free pistol shooter, "is the confidence this gun gives you. It won't fire, it can't fire, unless you touch the trigger. No more of these accidental shots in the dirt or up in the air. And the trigger pull is the lightest ever. This is the first gun I've seen where the trigger pull is too light to feel." In fact, the trigger pull is 1/960 of that required to fire a .45-caliber revolver.

The Advanced Marksmanship Unit has been pointing for the 1960 Olympic Games ever since its creation by the Army four years ago. The Army's best shooters are all concentrated in this single 156-man elite unit at Benning. "If we don't have the best men," says the commanding officer, Colonel Robin Montgomery, "we go out and get 'em. We use everything short of kidnapping."

In guns, ammunition, shooting jackets, testing equipment, machinery, tools and dies, and techniques, the AMU is concentrating on perfection. The very boots worn by AMU shooters were designed at Fort Benning. The whole effort has been, as Montgomery puts it, "to provide a hallmark for the Army, and to win shooting events for the greater pride and glory of the Army."

To achieve this end, the men of the AMU are not counting on the electric pistol alone. They will have had five months to work out with it, and they are making the most of their time. Right now the team is on a warmup tour in Europe, and one of its matches will be over the Olympic range in Rome. Meanwhile, its members fire 500 to 1,000 rounds a week. They run cross-country, lift weights, roll their eyes in vision-sharpening exercises. Most of them have quit smoking (Lincoln smoked his last cigarette in October, plans to resume his pack-a-day routine after the Olympics). "We're trying to beat the Russians," says Gazo. "That's what it's all about, and we think we've got 'em by the taeklen' swivel."

END

Rumble in the water

Illinois beat New York in a game that reminded old-timers of the bloody past

TOWARD the end of the second overtime period, several players seemed on the verge of drowning. Mouths slack, eyes slitted in nearly total exhaustion, they would summon up short bursts of swimming energy, then sink back into the water like whipped snailfish. When the game ended, a few, gasping and floating, lacked the strength to clamb out of the pool. It was a full five minutes before all the players were on their feet and the congratulatory and conciliatory slapping of wet rumps began.

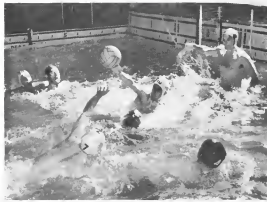
The scene was the indoor pool at the New York Athletic Club, and the game was water polo. At stake was the Senior AAU Indoor Championship and, as in many past years, the contestants were the Illinois Athletic Club and the New York AC. Their rivalry goes back to the turn of the

century, but no game was ever harder fought than the one they played Saturday night. Long scratches and welts laced and mottled the bodies of the 14 players, and oldtimers at poolside were reminded of water polo's bloody past.

There are, of course, no rules which can convert water polo into anything less than an aquatic battle royal, and the reason is simple: the referee, stationed at poolside, can see only what is happening above the water. Thus one player may be seen shaking hands and shouting compliments to an adversary while, beneath the frothy surface, he is kneeing the same opponent mercilessly. This situation has its corollary in the player to whom absolutely nothing is happening. He contorts his face into a horrible grimace. The referee assumes that some dastardly deed is going on beneath and calls a foul on the other team. Water polo is full of nuances.

Saturday's game was played under

continued



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the so-called "international" rules, which totally supplanted the old wide-open rules in the late 1930s. The object was to make a faster game of water polo by keeping more of the action on the surface and preventing players from attempting to drown their opponents except when absolutely necessary. On Saturday night a strict observance of the rules was often absolutely necessary.

The history of the Illinois-New York game has been written in blood. In the 1911 match four players were carried unconscious from the pool, a spectator smacked New York Captain Joe Ruddy Sr. in the jaw and for his trouble received a similar blow right back. A riot began, police were called, and Mrs. Ruddy and Anna Held, in the audience, fainted. So, in effect, did the AAU, which promptly dropped the game from its list of accepted sports.

The American authorities softened enough to reinstate the sport in 1914, and the classic championship rivalry was born when Illinois won its first title that same year. They had collected three more by 1922, when New York took home its first gold medal. In all, Illinois has been national champion 24 times and New York eight. Six other clubs have divided the eleven remaining championships.

Before the game the New Yorkers plotted their halting-English strategy (only one of their seven starters is a native American; two are Hungarian, two Swiss, one Dutch and one German). "Whatever you do," counseled Hungarian-born Ervin Veg, "don't lose your patient!" Said a German-accented voice: "And remember, we are going to stay in there and the game win!" And, but for a fresh play, New York would the game have won.

Two minutes after the action began Illinois had hit on two goals, both by Don Good, who without touching the bottom of the pool, which is illegal, can pop himself waist-high out of the water and fire blistering goals with either hand. Good's first shot rattled off the goal post and caromed into the 10-foot-wide goal; his second rattled off the face of burly New York Goalie Andre Grosjean, a Swiss who can imprecate in three languages and who, on this occasion, did.

The pattern of the game became

immediately clear. Illinois had the faster and stronger swimmers, New York had the veterans. With an Illinois player out for fouling, the New Yorkers scored a goal on a pass from Werner Seher (German) to Max Wirtz (Swiss), who was planted squarely in front of Illinois Goalie Frank Connor (American). Wirtz porpoised into the air and slapped the ball into the goal in one continuous motion. Sixteen seconds later New York tied it at 2-2 when Hungarian-born Steve Molnar fired in a straight bullet from 20 feet out. Goalie Connor, a mathematics professor by trade, never had a mathematical chance.

The game crunched on, and a mighty drama began in front of the New York goal. Stationed there was Illinois' "holeman," stolid Sam Kooistra, one of the very best water poloists in the world and forward on the U.S. water polo team in the 1956 Olympics. Illinois players would pass the ball to Kooistra (much as guards pass the ball to the pivot man in basketball), and Sam would then attempt to turn and whip it into the goalmouth. But he was inhibited in this by the hero of the night, a bird-legged veteran named Don Tierney, a 1948 U.S. Olympic goalie who at 30 is now a pharmaceutical executive. Every time the ball came to Kooistra, Tierney was metamorphosed into a whirling machine that seemed all knees and elbows. He made red dents up and down the broad torso of Kooistra and virtually swamped Kooistra's vaulted fast hands. The powerful Kooistra still managed to score four goals, at least two of them while Tierney was riding him like a surfboard. Even so, the total was low for Kooistra. Had it not been for Tierney's inspired work, Illinois and Kooistra would have iced the game in the first half. As it happened, the Midwesterners led only 7-6 at half time.

Hardly had the second half begun when New York's Seher tied the score at 7-7 with a line-drive shot from 12 feet out. Now the players were beginning to tire. They had been in almost constant grueling motion for 30 minutes. (Water polo halves are only 10 minutes long, with five minutes out between halves. But players jockey for position continuously during frequent stops, so the total playing time is close to 50 minutes.) Goals came more slowly. Arms leadened.

continued

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WATER POLO continues

Tempers shortened. Two players were thrown out for fighting. Scrambling for a pass, Tierney whacked solid Kooistra's chest with a thump that could be heard in the packed balcony. Kooistra was driven three feet deep into the water. Good "hole-man" that he is, he came up impassively, spouted whole jeroboams of water, and went back after the ball. A short pass to Don Good, a lob shot over the upstretched arms of Grosjean, and Illinois was ahead 8-7. At 4:25 of the half, Seher smashed another line drive into the Illinois nets. The game was tied again. Then Seher and long-suffering Kooistra were ejected for brawling, followed shortly by another matched pair of adversaries. Now there were only four swimmers, plus goalies, on each side, and a lengthening 25-yard pool to negotiate. Poolers agreed that whoever scored next would win.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS

They were wrong. Another Illinois player was thrown out for fouling, and New York, with the extra man, scored at 7:39. It had only to hold on for two and a half minutes to regain the championship, but then a strange thing happened. New York's Veg had the ball in front of his own goal, and Illinois players were all over him in a cloud of spray and elbows. "Foul!" shouted Goalie Grosjean. "Foul!"

Veg lobbed the ball backward to Grosjean, but the hurried toss, inches too high, slipped off Grosjean's fingertips and fell into the New York goal for an Illinois score. The final whistle blew seconds later with the gallant Tierney plumb the depth of his energy, attempting a last pool-length rush.

In the first three-minute overtime period, both teams scored, New York first, then Illinois, with New York minus a player and Kooistra back in the lineup (ejected players may re-enter the game once a goal has been scored). Kooistra, free for once from Tierney, slammed one in from 22 feet straight out to make the score 10-10. In the second overtime Illinois' Art Kolish broke into the open, forcing Grosjean to commit himself, and pushed a dainty little pop-up over the goalie's head. The rumble was over, nobody was killed, and Illinois was still champion.

END

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A Taylor Instrument

DEADLY SPRAY

continued from page 11

Health officials said it was not a menace to human beings. Dr. Kirby Hays, an entomologist who was sent to Argentina by the state of Alabama to study the ant on its home grounds, reported that the people of Argentina considered the insect beneficial because it attacked a number of destructive insects. Last week the National Wildlife Federation asked Congress outright to stop or drastically modify the fire-ant control programs, pointing out that "the fire ant is a nuisance, but nothing more." The value of its control, said Louis C. Clapper, acting conservation director, "is more than offset by long-term damage to wildlife, fish, domestic livestock and poultry and beneficial soil organisms." The department itself cut down the recommended dosage of two pounds per acre to a quarter pound per acre, with a second spraying of the same amount three to six months later.

Meanwhile, biologists were following the trail of the sprayers. At the Twenty-fifth North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference held last month in Dallas, Dr. James B. DeWitt, of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, delineated the results of research he and his co-workers had conducted at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center near Laurel, Md.

It was Dr. DeWitt who listed the 59 species of poisoned animals that had been obtained from areas sprayed for fire ants. The list included songbirds, quail, rails, ducks, rats, mice, raccoons, foxes, snakes, frogs and fish. Dr. DeWitt also reported that earthworms, an important food of some birds, taken as much as 12 months after treatment of an area with the pesticide, contained from one to 10 parts per million of heptachlor epoxide.

The cost of the fire-ant program has been great. During three years Congress has appropriated \$7,200,000 for the spraying. With additional funds appropriated by state legislatures, the total cost has risen to between \$10 and \$12 million. Meanwhile, both the spraying and the controversy continue, although some states have reduced or withdrawn financial support of the program.

Most of those who are in violent opposition to such massive spray pro-

grams agree that pesticides have become an unavoidable part of the economy. However, they do make strong pleas for a revised approach to the problem. Instead of stronger poisons with wide killing ranges they urge less toxic but more specific chemicals and the use of spot methods of application rather than the wholesale dosing of big areas from airplanes. Above all, they plead for greater cooperation between biologists and those exercising control programs.

A bill to that effect, called the Chemical Pesticides Coordination Act, was introduced in Congress on March 31 by Representative Leonard G. Wolf of Iowa. This bill would require advance study of the effects upon fish and wildlife before any federal program using chemical pesticides could be undertaken. It would require not only preliminary study by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service but also by the game and fish department of the state affected. The Fish and Wildlife Service would be directed to cooperate in developing methods that would achieve the necessary controls while minimizing damages to wildlife resources.

A VIEW OF BLACKEST PESSIMISM

Many of those taking an active part in the controversy feel that this is a good step, but that a much broader appraisal of the mass use of chemical poisons is needed. Dr. Wallace of Michigan State, viewing the drastic toll of robins and other birds after his investigations, expressed a view of blackest pessimism and indictment: "The current widespread and ever-expanding pesticide program poses the greatest threat that animal life in North America has ever faced—worse than deforestation, worse than market hunting and illegal shooting, worse than drainage, drought or oil pollution and possibly worse than all of these decimating factors combined." Dr. Cottam, more temperate but no less positive, argued for "selective and specific pesticides which we can use to control pests without significant detrimental effects to other public values or to other members of the biota which are of high economic, social or recreational importance. It has been done before." Dr. Cottam concluded, "The possibilities are there, and the promised rewards are worthy of our best efforts."

END



BIG BOUNCE: Once just acrobat's equipment, the trampoline is all out to succeed Hula-Hoops as America's newest rage. In this week's issue *LIFE*'s fun-filled pictures show you some enthusiastic new fans getting their kicks.

DROP-OUTS: Twelve million youngsters will quit high school in the next ten years without graduating, although most have mental capacity to do the work. Why do they do it? Part one of an urgent new *LIFE* series tells the sad story behind the staggering statistics.

GROUCHO: Every comedian dreams of playing Hamlet, but for the most precocious of the Marx brothers, the goal was Ko-Ko in "The Mikado." Groucho's dream comes true in a forthcoming TV production and *LIFE* shows you the hilarious results at rehearsals.

BIG JUMP: Steeplechasing, an English sport for the past century, is equally hard on man and horse. This week's *LIFE* captures all of its excitement and rugged thrills in 10 memorable pages of full-color photographs.

END OF AN ERA: Burlesque today, for most people, is a dirty word, but it was once fun for all the family—gaudy, often vulgar, but rarely indecent. What happened? For the real story, don't miss *LIFE*'s excerpts this week from the new book, "The Night They Raided Minsky's."

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SKIN-DIVER CHARLTON HESTON TYPIFIES THE MODERN GENERATION OF MATURE, RELATIVELY RESTRAINED HOLLYWOOD SPORTSMEN

SPORTING HOLLYWOOD

Long before the Dodgers, the gaudy, giddy stars of movieland made Los Angeles a feverish sports town. Today's stars are a more serious lot, but the zany legends are not forgotten

by GERALD HOLLAND

IT HAS BECOME almost axiomatic in the last couple of years to say that it took the Dodgers to make Los Angeles a big-time sports town. Look at the white-shirted frenzy that develops in the Coliseum on game days, runs the argument; look at the movie bigwigs who now make a fetish of the game—Jeff Chandler traveling to San Francisco for Opening Day, Jerry Lewis hollering from his box seat as though he were acting on the set, Bing Crosby owning a piece of the Pittsburgh Pirates, Bob Hope buying into the Cleveland Indians and the Rams. Was it ever like this before? Ask those who see Los Angeles as the coming, if not actual, sporting capital of the nation. The answer is of course it was, and not so long ago at that, in the great and gaudy days when Hollywood was in its finest flower and, man for woman, one of the most feverishly sporting communities of all.

This is not to imply that Hollywood's sporting interests have in any way diminished; but they have changed. Today's stars are sportsmen of a more serious order; they are sober participants, investors, businessmen.

Fred Astaire (professionals agree he could be a topflight golfer if he wanted to give it the time) owns a string of race horses, and so do Betty Grable and her husband, Harry James. Director-Producer Mervyn Le Roy is president of Hollywood Park. James Cagney owned trotters until recently and now concentrates on breeding Morgans. Ronald Reagan (who broadcast the Cubs and White Sox games in Chicago before he went to Hollywood) has jumpers, and Dan Dailey is master of bounds at the West Hills Hunt Club. Jimmy Stewart is an ardent hunter and fisherman. Gable hunts, Cooper skin-dives. Bing Crosby, besides his share of the Pirates, operates the major golf tournament that bears his name. Gordon Mac Rae and Dean Martin are dedicated golfers, and so, when he is not airborne, is Bob Hope. Bill Holden, a superlative gymnast, has started a safari club at Nairobi in Kenya, Africa.

Among the younger artists, there are skiers and golfers and tennis players, horsemen and sailors, and Rock Hudson himself confesses that he lives principally for the time that he can spend on his boat. Samuel Goldwyn has two gardeners working full time on his croquet courts and sponsors a tournament every summer, and

continued



TENNIS PLAYER Ginger Rogers typified a time when stars loved sports in a big way—and made them a big production.

David Niven and Louis Jourdan are among the actors who play in it.

But all this is pallid stuff compared to the old days, when the Hollywood Stars provided minor league baseball and the big sporting event of the week was the Friday night fights at the Olympic Stadium, an entertainment that attracted the top movie stars and featured Lupe Vélez screaming her lungs out at ringside.

This era is recalled with the publication of a biography of Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (*Hollywood Rajah*, Henry Holt & Co., \$5.50), by Bosley Crowther, the motion picture critic of *The New York Times*. Mayer and his colleagues, Darryl Zanuck and Sol Wurtzel of 20th Century-Fox, along with their associates and underlings, brought to sports precisely the same attitudes and techniques that they utilized in their picturemaking. In short, they played to win. Mr. Wurtzel, for instance, made up his foursomes from the ranks of those writers and directors whose options were coming up. Mr. Wurtzel did not lose. Mr. Mayer, on the other hand, insured his own good showing by playing five balls from every tee (he used three caddies) and scoring himself on the best shot out of five on each hole. No sensible man, he used to tell his colleagues, would accept the ruinous odds of one-ball golf.

Zanuck was an all-round athlete

and a good one. He had to excel at every sport he took up. He had been a flyweight boxer in the Army, and to polish his style he often went a few rounds with the former world champion, Fidel La Barba, who was then on the studio payroll as a writer. Douglas Fairbanks, an incomparable natural athlete, brought Bull Montana, the wrestler, from the East just to work out with him. The studio paid the tab. Bing Crosby used to insist that a certain character was a consultant on every picture he made. The consultant's only duty was to bring Bing the score by innings of all Pacific Coast League games played by the Stars of pre-Dodger days.

A BEAR HUNT WITH THE BOSS

Zanuck was as fearless as he was tireless in pursuing his sporting interests. Big-game hunting, skiing, boxing and croquet were among his other sports. An invitation to join Zanuck in a sporting holiday amounted to a command. Director William Wellman tells of what it was like to go on a bear hunt with the boss.

"We went to British Columbia," he said. "You had to shake the porcupines out of the trees at night. It snowed. We had to break trail for the horses. We were snowbound for three days. Zanuck chased a grizzly for 30 hours and came back with a sprained ankle. We forded various rivers 20 times. We lost the horses carrying our medicine. I got blood poisoning. It

was the roughest, damndest trip you've ever seen. But you know what? Zanuck loved it!"

In the beginning, Zanuck's polo was a pickup sort of game on the Ace Huddles ranch, which adjoined the Warner Brothers lot. But by calling such prime talent as Hector Dods and Aidan Roark, Zanuck worked his team's way up to the polo field at the Riviera Country Club and eventually to the Midwick Country Club in Pasadena, and it was at the latter that someone remarked that Zanuck had the only polo team on which the horses were better bred than the men.

During Zanuck's polo phase, he was accustomed to carrying a sawed-off polo mallet wherever he went and to use it as a prop in outlining or criticizing plots at story conferences. Naturally, lesser personalities on the Hollywood scene began to cast about for sporting gimmickry of their own. One writer took to carrying a putter into meetings, and another pounded a baseball glove and fielded imaginary grounders as he walked around the lot. He was a good fielder but a poor writer, and got nowhere.

One day recently, sitting in the library of his home on Coldwater Canyon Drive in Beverly Hills, James Cagney recalled another writer who ran into the same difficulty.

"This fellow," Cagney said, getting up to demonstrate, "would pitch an entire ball game while he was ad-libbing a story idea to a producer and



CONFIDENT GOLFER Douglas Fairbanks, a superb natural athlete, entered the British Open in 1931, failed to qualify but attracted this absorbed gallery of admirers.

GOLFING HUMORISTS Hope and Crosby, caustic rivals on the links, proved true to old Hollywood tradition when both grabbed up shares in losing major league baseball clubs.





PITCHER Louis B. Mayer always wanted to be a ballplayer instead of a producer.

his staff. He'd take his position in the center of the room, toss off a line like, 'Long shot of the city at night.' Then he'd bend over and look for the sign from the catcher who wasn't there. Maybe he'd shake off one or two as he tried to think of what to say next. Then there'd be the big wind-up and throw and the shaking of his head and the kicking of the rubber at a bad call. Now he was ready to advance the story. 'Dissolve to medium shot of sky-scraper,' he might say, 'pan up to lighted window, dissolve to interior and cut to closeup of body sprawled across desk.' Then, still stalling for time, he might bend over and finger

a nonexistent rosin bag. Or he'd throw and run across the room to field a bunt. The more time he needed between the fragments of his story ideas, the more exciting the game got. He was a great pantomimist. One day he acted out the whole business so vividly that when he announced that he had arrived at the big scene, a director yelled out, 'To hell with the big scene! What's the score?'

Cagney himself is a onetime ballplayer, having been the catcher for the Yorkville Nut Club, a boys' team in the New York City neighborhood in which he grew up.

It is doubtful, however, that the screenwriter's gambit would have influenced the five-ball golfer, Mr. Louis B. Mayer. Mayer was as coldly realistic and humorless about sports and his adventures in horse racing as he was about his business. In 1937, according to Crowther, Mayer was traveling royally through Europe with his M-G-M colleague and pal, Joe Schenck. On the schedule was a visit to a famous blood specialist of Amsterdam, Dr. Isidor Snapper. It was Schenck, not Mayer, who wanted to consult the doctor, but Mayer put himself down for a check-up to maintain equal status with Schenck. Before the touring potentates reached Amsterdam, word came that Dr. Snapper was fishing in Norway. Where Schenck and Mayer came from, there was always a way to resolve such disappointments. There

was here, too. M-G-M's European representative was called in and ordered to produce Dr. Snapper forthwith. The representative, a trained Hollywood operator, found that Dr. Snapper's daughter was in love with a musician. The musician was offered a job in Hollywood on condition that he persuade the daughter to persuade the doctor to hurry home. It worked like a charm, and soon Dr. Snapper had finished with Schenck and was telling Mayer that while there was nothing organically wrong with him, he was rather tensed up and should relax more, possibly find a hobby. The doctor pointed out that many wealthy men found the breeding and racing of Thoroughbred horses an interesting diversion. When Dr. Snapper happened to mention the Aga Khan as an example of a well-to-do horse fancier, Mayer perked up. To be mentioned in the same breath with the Aga Khan was status indeed for a man who had started as a junk dealer.

Mayer bought his first horse from his dear friend, Joe Schenck, and, in the best Hollywood tradition of friendship, Schenck unloaded the worst horse in his stable on him, a dog named Marine Blue. Mayer bore Schenck no grudge but the transaction taught him that he needed expert counsel. So he had an agent represent him at the Saratoga yearling sales, and a little later he purchased Main Man from Jerome B. Respass

continued



POLO PLAYER Darryl Zanuck (left), here shown with stars Eric Martin, Aidan Roark and Laddie Sanford, played well and took the game into studio conferences with him.

CROQUET PLAYER Sam Goldwyn, who wrote his own rules, has become the game's warmest advocate.





HORSE BREEDER James Cagney now just rapes Morgans but still fondly recalls the days when producers fought critics.



YOGA ENTHUSIAST Tony Randall (above) and Hunter Jimmy Stewart show modern Hollywood search for serenity via sport.



SPORTING HOLLYWOOD *continued*

of California for \$17,000. When Main Man won the San Jose Handicap at Bay Meadows that winter and Mayer found himself being photographed in the winner's circle, he was thoroughly fascinated by his new business.

It always was a business with Mayer. He ran his stable as he ran M-G-M. He expected both to show a profit. He had built M-G-M into the No. 1 studio by assembling Hollywood's greatest lineup of stars. In racing, he decided to invest heavily in the most promising stock and bloodlines, and he confidently expected that equine stars would develop.

Quite a few did. But before they did, Mayer also called upon the best exploitation techniques of the motion picture business. As an attention-getter, he offered to buy Man o' War, then standing in Kentucky, for \$1 million. Samuel D. Riddle, the owner, replied that Man o' War was not for sale at any price. Mayer also offered a million for the great English sire, Hyperion. Lord Derby, Hyperion's distinguished owner, was horrified. "Though England be reduced to ashes," he said, "Hyperion will never leave these shores."

Mayer owned the greatest money-winning filly up to that time in Busher, purchased from the late Colonel E. R. Bradley in 1944. Busher won a total of more than \$300,000 and was named Horse of the Year in 1945, the second filly ever to win that title. It was along about this time that Mayer, searching for a pretty compliment to pay Greer Garson at a dinner, finally referred to the lovely M-G-M star as the Busher of motion pictures.

Mayer himself was honored as the leading breeder in the country in 1945 by a vote of the New York Turf Writers. A few years later he decided to liquidate his stable. While he was in racing, says Biographer Crowther, Mayer was happy. Moreover, adds Crowther, he not only improved the breed (especially in Californians), but he improved himself.

The big men in the movies not only acquired sporting interests, but soon after rising to eminence began to pay more attention to their own physical fitness. Everybody who was anybody had his personal masseur and his pet exercises. With so many beautiful women around, a man's vanity alone was enough to make him watch his

waistline. The nonperforming big shots also seemed to fancy themselves as men of action who could settle any argument with their fists. Mayer himself is credited with having punched Samuel Goldwyn, Walter Wanger and Charlie Chaplin, as well as a number of lesser persons. Zanuck would fight anybody who crossed him at the drop of a hat. One memorable incident occurred when he was producing *Public Enemy*, the first of the Cagney gangster films.

Zanuck was describing the big final scene to Jack Warner in the presence of Director Michael Curtiz. As old movie fans and young television addicts will recall, the scene has Cagney's corpse delivered to his home. When the door bell is answered, the cadaver falls into the living room, a shocker of a finale. Warner thought it was too shocking, and asked Curtiz for his opinion. Curtiz said he was inclined to agree—whereupon Zanuck hauled off and knocked him cold.

Some of the non-body-contact sportsmen of Hollywood may be found on Samuel Goldwyn's croquet courts every afternoon. Most are members of the Goldwyn Croquet Club and have pledged themselves to comply with the rules of the club, written by Mr. Goldwyn himself. They are: 1) don't get excited, 2) correctly remember balls you are dead on, 3) have patience with fellow members who are not as good as you are.

THE BENEFITS OF CROQUET

Recently, in the living room of his home behind the Beverly Hills Hotel, Mr. Goldwyn poured tea and spoke to the subject of physical fitness. He has been a lifelong devotee of long walks, simple exercises, daily massage and—until Mrs. Goldwyn presented him with the two croquet courts as a wedding-anniversary gift—an occasional game of golf.

Mr. Goldwyn cannot say enough for the benefits of exercise or the game of croquet. He credits his recovery from a recent injury to his powers of resistance developed over the years. He had wrenched his knee during a croquet game, but it did not begin to bother him until he went East. His doctor in New York told him that an operation on the knee was imperative. At Columbia Presbyterian Hospital Mr. Goldwyn made a remarkable recovery, spurned crutches but

continues

The 1 out of 20 that didn't get smoked



There's a lot of satisfaction in pointing out something good to a friend. That's why it often happens that one cigarette out of a pack of Dual Filter Tareytons never does get smoked.

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agreed to use a cane. He was walking around the hospital room when his knee suddenly gave way and he fell with a resounding crash that brought nurses and interns running with shouts of "Mr. Goldwyn has fallen! Has he broken his back? Call surgery!" etc. etc. They were astounded to find Mr. Goldwyn—who is 75 years old—struggling to his feet without assistance. Mr. Goldwyn made a short speech to the staff on the benefits of keeping fit.

CRASH WENT THE COLOR TV

Later, having moved to the Waldorf-Astoria Towers, Mr. Goldwyn received a call from Mr. William Paley of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Over his protests, Paley had a color television set delivered to Mr. Goldwyn's suite. Despite his distaste for television, Mr. Goldwyn became interested in it and when one program ended, he got up to switch to another channel. Once again, his knee gave way. This time, Mr. Goldwyn not only fell, he crashed heavily against Mr. Paley's television set, smashing the picture tube to bits. Servants came running, but again Mr. Goldwyn astounded them by getting to his feet without aid, and once again he delivered a short lecture on physical fitness. While telling the story in his Beverly Hills home, Mr. Goldwyn walked about the room without even a cane to assist him. He had made a complete recovery and would (he said) soon be ready for the croquet courts.

Meanwhile, Hollywood will take note of other sporting diversions and be represented in force among the crowds of 90,000 that turn out for big league baseball and pro football. The present generation of stars and starlets will crowd the golf courses and the tennis courts and sail the blue Pacific. So much will be going on that (as one of the Hollywood old-timers put it) even if the Dodgers lose the pennant, it will be forgotten in a week in the variety of feverish sporting activity in Los Angeles and at nearby Palm Springs. It's all bigger—and perhaps better—but still it's not quite like the bush-league days when a man could win any game through sheer determination—and by putting the right people on the studio payroll.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The San Francisco Giants started as though they meant to wrap up the pennant before May. In tricky Candlestick Park they bunched their hits for the runs they needed, rode to victory on the superlative pitching of Sam Jones and Mike McCormick. On the road they pounded out 31 hits and 28 runs in two woolly wins over the Cubs. The surprising Pittsburgh Pirates roared back from two losses in their first three games to win seven of their next eight. The supposedly power-shy Pirates hit 12 home runs along the way. Vern Law turned in two tidy seven-hitters and Bob Fosse cheered Pittsburgh hearts with two complete-game wins in three starts. Taut pitching and light but effective hitting brought the Los Angeles Dodgers four early wins in five home games, plus a nerve-tangling split in San Francisco. But with no one but Don Drysdale able to pitch a complete game, the club failed to capitalize on pepped-up hitting and quickly fell behind the leaders. Manager Dessen of the Milwaukee Braves benched Crandall, yanked Spahn, relieved with Burdette and watched in anguish as his stalwarts failed to play like the champs he's sure they are. Bob Buhl turned in a creditable six-hit victory, and Carl Willey took up some of the sudden slack in pitching, but the only real bright spot was the play of Red Schoendienst. The Philadelphia Phillies were woful on the road (lost five of six games) but snapped back at home to push up into fourth place. New Manager Gene Mauch shuffled men in and out relentlessly, trying to find a passable combination. He got only one complete game from his pitchers (a three-hitter by Jim Owens) but had strong hitting from Harry Anderson and Bobby Del Greco. Recovering from their third

sickly start in as many years, the St. Louis Cardinals shored up their sagging defense and ran off four straight victories. Lindy McDaniel relieved in five straight games, yet heard Manager Henas say, "We don't want him to overwork himself." The Cincinnati Reds had no trouble winning whenever they scored nine runs or more. But they were shut out three times in nine games, and though they rapped out 16 hits in another they still couldn't win it. The Chicago Cubs, tough customers on the Coast, ran out of pitching in Wrigley Field and plopped into the cellar.

Schedules: Fri 5-3, SF 7-3, LA 5-5, Phil 5-5, MI 4-5, STL 4-5, Cal 4-7, CH 3-5

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted 1st*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Athletics (377)	5	8	13
Calculus Set (378)	5	5	10
Mariners, Sea (394)	3	2	5
Washington, Ball (333)	5	3	8
Pas, Chi (313)	5	3	8
Gardner, Wash (306)	6	2	8
Boston Sox (340)	4	4	8
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
St. Louis (381)	11	8	19
Griff, Phil (368)	11	4	15
Clemens, Phil (341)	7	8	15
Mays, SF (472)	8	6	14
McGraw, SF (383)	8	6	14
Cepeda SF (333)	5	9	14

*Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Detroit Tiger fans, ready to stuff President DeWitt in an outgoing Easter basket that Sunday, suddenly saw a flag in sight as his new acquisition, Rocky Colavito, blasted three homers, eight RBIs to lead the Tigers to five wins in a row. Massive Steve Biko added two home runs, and the much maligned relief corps won three straight games. Off with a rush against the tall-enders, the New York Yankees had folks predicting a rapid return to normalcy. And indeed the Yankees looked good: Rookies John Gabel and Bill Short were poised and hard to hit, and Ryne Duren relieved in fine fashion; Bill Skowron and Roger Maris combined for 20 hits, 14 RBIs. The Washington Senators opened impressively (10 runs, four homers, 15 Pascual strikeouts), and the momentum kept them in the first division. Bob Allison, copying the stance of departed Roy Sievers, shot into the league batting lead with 17 hits in 30 trips. The Boston Red Sox surprised people by winning almost half their games. Frank Malbone performed like baseball's best third baseman and Jerry Casale, taught by Coach Sal Maglie to keep the



FAST STARTERS were Don Drysdale, who yielded just 16 hits in three complete games, Roy McMillan, who hit five HRs.

ball low, set down the Yanks with three hits. Losers of their first two games, the Kansas City Athletics were stripped of golfing rights by Manager Bob Elliott. Said Elliott: "Let 'em stir lemonade and take the family out for a picnic." Goinded to action, the A's hopped on Cleveland twice. The Chicago White Sox started predictably, with two one-run victories and telling hits by Minnie Minos. But aside from the relief work of Gerry Staley and Ray Moore, the heralded pitching staff failed to produce. With Paul Richards outmanaging everyone in light (77 players in five games), the Baltimore Orioles roared off the mark with one win, five losses. The pitching hurt: none of the bright youngsters could finish a game and, against the Yanks, the team hit two grand-slam homers yet lost by six runs. The New, New Cleveland Indians hit bottom and stayed there until Gary Bell finally turned back the Athletics. Even Manager Joe Gordon felt the hot breath of Frank Lane. Said Gordon wryly: "Everybody's afraid to send out his laundry."

Schedules: Sat 5-8, NY 5-1, Wash 4-3, KC 3-1, CH 2-3, AC 2-3, Cle 1-4, Bal 1-5

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Del Ralene	357	Biko	323
NY Skowron	508	Mays	401
Wash Short	577	Clemens	400
RC Casale	364	Seiger	294
Chi Fre	323	Maris	294
KC Loupe	529	Chit	375
Bal Gabel	364	Wooding	332
Cle Fosse	400	Fran	258
Boed	310		

NATIONAL LEAGUE

SF Mays	472	Wickless	364
Phil Gant	428	Seiner	341
LA Skowron	313	Wash	257
MI Schoendienst	430	McGraw	367
Phil Anderson	318	Borcher	269
STL White	424	Gommes	357
Cle Wash	381	Billy	344
Chi Ashburn	353	Roe	318

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Del Kary	1.88	Moss	3.88
NY Duren	0.00	Ford	0.00
Wash Kari	3.38	Lee	3.38
RC Casale	1.00	Selmon	3.85
Chi Staley	3.80	Wash	6.00
KC Herbert	1.00	Johnson	3.82
Bal Bums	1.82	Walker	2.00
Cle Bell	1.82	Lalene	6.00

NATIONAL LEAGUE

SF Jones	1.57	McDaniel	3.80
Phil Gibson	3.00	Law	8.50
LA Fosse	2.96	Rebeck	3.50
MI Whitey	2.57	Borcher	3.32
Phil Fosse	1.50	Owens	2.00
STL McDaniel	3.00	Dalton	2.27
Cle Fosse	3.00	O'Dell	1.38
Chi Elnon	2.38	Anderson	3.73



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bring the ball under complete control. How the length of your backswing can affect your accuracy. How important your "spin" is. How to achieve it, and control it. And many other pin pointers.

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19TH HOLE The readers take over

SHABBY SHOW

Sirs:

You may have verified or changed your opinion of the Snead-Rudolph golf match after viewing the recent rerun on NBC.

This match was played under strict USGA rules, and I resent your implication that it was shabbily done.

Both bags were checked for the correct number of clubs on the first tee. There was a delay in setting up the cameras, which could explain Snead's assertion that in the interim his caddy, a local boy from Bermuda not too familiar with USGA rules, returned to the golf shop and, seeing a club Sam had used for practice, replaced it in the Snead golf bag without informing Sam.

You say that Snead purposely dabbed shots to lose. You report that Sam was aware of his disqualification at the 11th hole but inferred no one. Now follow the play. Snead played very well, but not as well as Rudolph, up to the 16th green. He four-putted a very treacherous green. Players have four-putted greens before and will again, to go 1 down. On 17 Snead recovered brilliantly and sank a good putt for a 3 and a win to square the match. He lost the match by three-putting the 18th from a spot on the green that required a miraculous approach putt to get the ball anywhere near the hole and down in regulation figures. After the clubs were returned to the golf shop more than 50 yards away Snead announced that he had too many clubs and had to lose. I believed Sam, but without any positive proof I could not, as a commentator, make Rudolph's victory a hollow one. The way the youngster went head and head with the veteran Snead and came on to win indicated to me that no matter how difficult it was for Sam to lose, it would have been a hell of a lot tougher for him to have won on this particular day. TV has helped golf. That's my intent.

Bob Crosby

New York City

● Whatever Mr. Crosby's intention may have been, the rerun of the controversial Snead-Rudolph match made no new friends for either golf or television. What was already a shabby show was made an even shabbier one because "the unctuous statements which accompanied the rebroadcast made it plain that the entrepreneurs of the show were wittingly capitalizing on their shabby notoriety" (EDITORIAL, SI, April 25). Jack Gould, the TV-radio critic of *The New York Times*, spoke for all friends of honest golf and honest television when he wrote: "It would have been far bet-

ter for NBC to apprise viewers on April 3 of the information that it had received rather than permit the audience to think it was watching a bona fide contest."—ED.

HAUNTED MAJOR

Sirs:

We were very pleased with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's two-part condensation comprising about 40% of the whole of Robert Marshall's *The Haunted Major*, published by us in book form the other day. However, lest there be any confusion as a result of your introductory preface (SI, April 18), let it be repeated that in book form *The Haunted Major* runs 192 pages long and is not merely an element for anthologies.

SUMNER PUTNAM

President, Ives Washburn, Inc.
New York City



MORE POWER TO HER

Sirs:

Perry Cerutti, coach of Herb Elliott, doesn't like women athletes. Women, he implies, should just aim to look beautiful. I'd like to answer Mr. Cerutti like this:

The striving for *arete*, the Greek concept for excellence, should not be confined to one sex. If a woman wants to add the 100-meter dash to her activities, more power to her.

Columnist Red Smith says that a nation that can produce Marilyn Monroe but fails in the Olympics need not feel disgraced. What would be wrong with a nation that could produce Marilyn Monroe putting the shot?

HARRIET LINCOLN

Leonis, N.J.

continued

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TUMP, WINSOME WILLIE

Sirs:

After reading the article *Everything Is For Keeps* (SI, April 11), I decided it was time someone said something nice about William Hartack.

Every time I pick up a newspaper or magazine some writer is blasting him about his personality. They say he is not a gentleman like Eddie Arcaro or Willie Shoemaker. He is not a gentleman like Arcaro or Shoemaker because he is William Hartack and no one else. I may be wrong, but personality does not win a horse race. Skill, determination, strength and courage do. Mr. Hartack has all of these qualities.

Although I know people will strongly disagree with me, I say that Mr. Hartack is one of America's greatest jockeys.

I. NEMO

Newmatstown, Pa.

THINKING MAN'S GAME

Sirs:

Your story on the Russian chess players warned the cockles of a chessnut's heart.

We chess fans form a small and ragged army, not as rich and well-fed as the contract-bridge legions nor as loud and aggressive as the shock troops of bowling

and Little League. But we would enjoy reading more than one chess story every three years.

Anyhow, when you did give us a little article, you did it right. The story was excellent. It was as good as your Olympic coverage, in quality if not quantity.

Grateful for these crumbs thrown to the thinking man's game.

Jim McKONE

San Bernardino, Calif.

GOLF: WHISTLE AS YOU WORK

Sirs:

The pictorial report on the Masters was most handsome, but I would like to see you campaign for a better pro-spectator relationship which could benefit the whole circuit.

Let the PGA use its monopolistic pressure to require the prominent display of spectator courtesy rules on programs and adjacent to scoreboards. In the DeSoto Open, according to some reporters, Jay Hebert had to call two strokes on himself when a spectator inadvertently moved his ball.

Let the PGA request the two big television programs—which create the large unsophisticated galleries—to slip a few wise words on spectator comportment into each telecast during the running comment on the match involved.

Finally, but certainly not least, let us have all the young men on the tour set as

if they were playing a game they enjoy.

I suspect the prima-donnas attitude is currently overworked. It is possible to compete in a tight sport for large money without acting and looking as if you hated and despised everybody within 500 yards.

JOHN D. McDONALD

Sarasota, Fla.

● Aye, aye. But Hebert's penalty was imposed because a spectator kindly moved a stump in a water hazard—not the ball inadvertently (no penalty for that).—ED.

HOW TO PICK OLYMPIANS

Sirs:

I propose that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* scrappable writer, Jeremiah Tax, take the initiative to correct an inequitable situation which was only hinted at in the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* article (*The First Olympians*, April 11). The Olympic basketball selection committee is composed of eight NCAA representatives, eight from the AAU and four from the armed services. In a year in which the collegiate talent was overwhelmingly superior, the 12-man voting block of the AAU and the armed services placed five men on the 12-man squad. Many impartial observers felt 11 or even 12 players deserved to be picked from the college ranks this year.

A new system of selection is needed (perhaps through a committee) of NBA

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LIQUID OR BOMB



professional coaches, many of whom normally attend the tournament to search for talent. Only then will the most talented and deserving athletes be chosen to represent the U.S. in the Olympic Games.

The lads competing for an Olympic trip should be picked on talent, not politics.

PHIL ROBERTSON

Philadelphia

● Reader Robertson is right in assuming that organizational politics influenced the Olympic Selection Committee's choices in Denver—choices in which *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Jerry Tax did not concur. It is doubtful that our amateur officials would ever allow professional coaches to participate in these choices. But one change in selection procedure is possible and would help: to give the Olympic coach a voice in picking his squad. At Denver, Pete Newell was not even allowed into the room where the Selection Committee met.—ED.

DISSENT IN ST. LOUIS

Sirs:

Regarding the transfer to St. Louis by the Chicago Cardinals (*The Unhappy Millionaire*, SI, April 4), Mr. Wolfner is very happy, the local sponsor, Mr. Grzesiwick, is getting the desired publicity, having already taken many bows, while the local fans are left unhappy at the way the transfer was stuffed down their throats without having had the opportunity to express their wishes on the move.

The local sponsor had announced that he was spending \$40,000 on a committee of eight people to determine if the area wanted and would support pro football. What this committee did to determine that pro football was wanted is unknown. However, had the committee permitted the fans of this area to vote, had they printed the following ballot in the local newspapers, I am positive that the Cardinals would still be in Chicago:

1) I vote for the transfer.

2) I vote against the transfer, since I desire the television policy of the previous years to continue, namely, television of all Chicago Bear or Cardinal home games, plus all road and home games of the Cleveland Browns.

That's right. We will be giving up the Bears' and Browns' games for the privilege of paying \$6 for a sideline seat, \$5 for an end-zone seat to watch the Cardinals, with little or no television of road games. (It would mean \$24 a game for my family, which is impossible for me.)

The point is, however, should a team be transferred into another area without first being assured that the fans want the transfer by popular vote?

W. LENOX

East St. Louis, Ill.

● Let fan Lenox remember that pro football is a private enterprise. He and other fans will have a chance to cast their ballots at the box office when the Cardinals line up in Busch Stadium.—ED.

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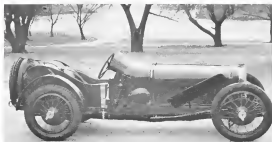
JOHN T. PANKS

'A Thoroughbred come back'

John Panks acquired the historic Sunbeam shown here by promising its British owner that the car would never pass out of British hands. Panks, managing director of Rootes Motors in Manhattan and an Englishman himself, felt the nationalist overtones of the bargain clearly justifiable. One of five 1921 Sunbeams with similar characteristics (three-liter, eight-cylinder engine with twin overhead camshafts producing 108 hp and capable of 102.5 mph), this one competed

with distinction (fifth place) in the Indianapolis "500" of 1921 and became one of the favorite racing cars of Britain's great Sir Henry Segrave.

The only one of the five originals that has not been "butchered" (i.e., modernized), the car has been completely reconditioned by Panks, who plans to compete with it in vintage meets in the U.S. "It had been put out to pasture, but now it's back," he says delightedly. "It's just like a Thoroughbred come back to life."





GROUP OF ROCKHOUNDS DIGS WITH PICK AND SHOVEL FOR AGATIZED WOOD ALONG COLUMBIA RIVER BLUFFS IN WASHINGTON

Roll out the Rocks

Stamps and model trains are fine hobbies but for spare-time fun that the whole family can take part in, consider rock collecting

by CYNTHIA LINDSAY

IF you see a man or woman hacking away at a pile of dirt or mound of stones with the concentration of an inmate working his way out of Alcatraz, and if the man or woman suddenly lets out a war whoop, drops his hammer, picks up something in his hand, puts it to his mouth and licks it, then hops up and down in a peculiar St. Vituslike dance, do not call the police. It is a rockhound. Genus *Americanus*. Habitat North America. Young are known as pebble puppies. Harmless unless crossed when in search of specimens.

When you saw the rockhound he was at work on a spot where, from its general appearance or locale, he had judged he might find a mineral specimen of interest for his collection or his cutting machine. He found it. The reason he licked it was that this is the easiest way of telling how a stone will cut and polish. It cleans it off, and

gives a sheen similar, momentarily, to that of a polishing wheel. The dance is peculiar to the species. It is known by a variety of names, including the Quartz Caper, the Rockhound Rock and Hound's Flounders. It may be translated as "Eureka! I have found it!"

After the hound has completed his

diggings he will hustle home and get his treasures washed as soon as possible to show to his family or fellow hound. You can never tell the real beauty of a group of crystals until the dirt or clay is washed away. His next move, unless he is a dealer as well as a hound, will probably be to call other collectors and promptly trade or give away any excess specimens from his hunt. A primary rockhound trait is excessive generosity.

At the risk of generalizing, I would say that practically all rockhounds are nice people. Despite the fact that some make a living from their hobby, few are out to see how much money they can make. Their generosity is a species trait that few other fanatics possess. If they love a stone and you love the stone, more than likely, if the hound is a really dedicated creature, he won't sell it to you, he'll give it to you.

Correctly speaking, a rockhound is not out after rocks, he is after minerals. A rock is an aggregate of minerals, as in the case of granite, which is composed of feldspar, quartz, amphibole and biotite. To quote Dr. Frederick

continued

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cynthia Lindsay survived her days as a movie stunt woman to become a magazine writer, author and mother of two. Her books include *Mother Climbed Trees* and her latest, *The Nobles Are Redless*, which will be published May 11 by J. B. Lippincott Co. (\$3.95). It will include an expansion of this article.



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ROCKS continued

H. Pough, who was the curator of minerals and gems for the Museum of Natural History in New York and is the author of one of the collectors' bibles, *A Field Guide to Rocks and Minerals*: "Minerals are the building stones of the earth's crust. They are stony mixtures of one or more of the 92 relatively stable elements that man has found in the earth's surface and its rocks. They have pretty definite formulas, and the things that go into them are the same no matter where the mineral is found. The quartz sand of Coney Island has one part of silicon and two parts of oxygen just like the quartz sand of the Sahara Desert. ... In general, a mineral can be considered as a naturally occurring inorganic compound with fairly definite physical properties and chemical composition."

A NICE FEELING

These inorganic compounds have existed as long as the earth itself, so why suddenly do roughly a million American citizens start burrowing in the earth and climbing to dangerous mountain heights in search of them? In the first place, it isn't sudden. From the time the first shaggy Neanderthal man called at the cave of a loved one and presented her with a shiny pebble, the earth's inhabitants have searched for gems. A penguin will pick up a bright stone from the beach as a token of betrothal for his intended. If a monkey cage is filled with rocks, the monkeys will pick out the brightest ones. Same with people. A child's first instinct when taken on a walk is to pick up a pretty stone. He never outgrows it. Man seems to feel better when holding, or owning or wearing a fragment of the earth. Most people wear some form of jewelry. The Chinese carry "fingering pieces," bits of polished rock, generally jade or carnelian, in their pockets. They rub them between their thumbs and forefingers because they feel good. This human desire for a piece of the earth is responsible for millions of dollars a year going into mining, cutting and setting of gem stones.

There are as many varieties of rockhound as there are rocks. Some collectors collect everything. Some specialize. There are those who collect only crystals, only moss agates,

only "picture" agates—so called because their markings make miniature landscapes or seascapes. Some collect only fluorescent material.

Regardless of the collector's specialty, the U.S. is a happy hunting ground for him. There is not a state in the Union that does not produce a stone worth collecting or polishing, and almost every gem stone known can be found within the boundaries of North America, including diamonds. There is, in fact, a spot called the Crater of Diamonds in Murfreesboro, Ark., which is now a tourist attraction. For \$1.50 "You may find your own diamonds—anything you find under five carats is yours free, anything over, you pay a royalty." When the ground has been pretty well picked over, Howard Millar, who runs the Crater, takes a bulldozer and cuts down to a new layer. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gems have been discovered there, including the famous "Uncle Sam" diamond worth \$75,000.

There are sapphires, rubies and emeralds in North Carolina; tourmalines, kunzites, aquamarines, agates, and numerous other gems in California; tourmalines in Maine; amethysts in Georgia; opals in Idaho; turquoise in Nevada and New Mexico. Diamonds may be found in Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, although the only actual mine is in Arkansas.

The minerals of interest to the collector are not necessarily of the gem variety, however. He may be after something called a geode, the discovery of which is one of the most exciting experiences for a rockhound. To an untrained eye a geode looks like the most uninteresting, dusty, colorless boulder. But not to a rockhound. It is a magical moment for one whose knowledge of district or formation leads him to such a rock, to take his hammer, crack it open and display to the world a myriad of fairy-tale crystals which have been hidden for millions of years and are as beautiful that no cut stone can possibly surpass them.

He may be looking for a gastrolith, which is no more nor less than a digestive pebble from the stomach of a dinosaur and is as smooth and shiny as a tumbled stone—which in actuality it is. Dinosaurs, it appears, ate rocks as chickens eat gravel to

assist the digestion of their meals.

He may be after a crystal which contains a bubble of gas trapped in a drop of water—caught inside when the crystal formed. There is fascination in watching the rolling of a drop of water millions of years old.

The hunter may, on the other hand, be after fulgurite. Fulgurite looks like black lightning, and it is. Rather, it is the result of it. Lightning occasionally strikes sand. The tremendous heat generated by the lightning immediately melts and fuses the sand. It cools quickly, leaving the formation of the bolt itself. It is impossible not to feel in some sort of tune with the universe when you hold frozen lightning in your hand.

The rockhound has specific character traits unlike those of any other sportsman. He is with few exceptions scrupulously honest. Almost any dealer will leave valuable specimens all over his counters where they might be easily picked up. One dealer, when asked the why of this blind trust in the public, said, "It takes a certain kind of mentality to be a rockhound. Dealers love browsers in their shops. After all, the dealers themselves are hobbyists, and they love it when people admire their merchandise. Besides, there'd be no percentage in stealing a specimen—you couldn't ever show it to another rockhound; he'd be liable to recognize it. It's as if one of your children were stuck in a group of several thousand others; you'd recognize him, wouldn't you? Why? Because you love him. Same with a rockhound—if it's a good specimen he'll know it anywhere."

Second character trait: humor. Another dealer, in Palm Desert, Calif., has incessant inquiries from would-be, unknowledgeable tourist rockhounds about whether there isn't good material to be found in the desert around his place. They take up a good deal of his time, buy nothing, and when he says there isn't anything of value or interest for a couple of hundred miles, they go right out and spend the day looking anyway, return to him and take up more of his time requesting him to identify their finds. He is patient with them. "That," he will say to one, "is a fine specimen of idiotite." And, "You have found some junkite," to another. "And that is either deteriorite or inferiorite, it's hard to tell because

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you've smashed it up so with that sledge hammer you used." Mostly, they go away happy—still without purchasing anything.

Third character trait: he is a non-worrier. The rockhound possesses the knowledge that the specimens he is collecting may have taken millions of years to attain their present form or may have been created by one great shattering cosmic disturbance. The knowledge gives him a broad point of view. This point of view is probably based on his feeling of eternity. The rocks he handles have remained in their present form despite thousands of years of human conflict and catastrophe and will so remain even if our present civilization blows itself to bits. This knowledge of foreverness is inclined to make today's problems seem far less compelling. It also gives him a peculiar sense of time. I once had a date for cocktails with Dr. Richard Jahns of the California Institute of Technology, who was doing some work with the United States Geological Survey in California. I was forced to break the date, as I had to leave for New York unexpectedly. I was gone a year, and when I returned, saw Dr. Jahns, and said, "Isn't this awful—it's been a year since our date. We'll have to do something about it." "I'd love to," he said. "But don't worry; a year is just a moment in the mind of a geologist." That, of course, is a highly educated rockhound, but the identical point of view exists in those less erudite than Dr. Jahns.

Fourth character trait: A rockhound may have a satisfactory field trip, or get a satisfactory polish on a stone, or make a satisfactory display of minerals for a club exhibit, but he is never satisfied. When a rockhound is after something, it doesn't matter whether it's in a mine tunnel which may cave in, or on a shelf of rock 30 feet in the air from which he may fall and break his neck—he has to have that specimen, that's all there is to it. My then 15-year-old son and I once came dragging in from a stone hunt carrying sacks so heavy that neither of us would have lifted them for pay. We had been out since early morning

looking for some quartz crystals in a vein of rock that ran along the top of a rock cliff and down into the surf of the Pacific. We had worked unceasingly with cold chisels and hammers and finally at the end of the day had dislodged some crystals and trudged up a quarter-mile hill, dragging sacks weighing probably 50 pounds apiece full of rocks. When we arrived home we were both exhausted, but not so exhausted that we couldn't get the rocks into the kitchen sink and start scrubbing them. My tired son would not have scrubbed himself, mind you, but the rocks, yes. My husband came in from



ROCKHOUND LUGS SON AND COLLECTION HOME

a hard day at the office and there was no dinner on the stove but a great many boulders in the sink. He is a very patient man. He just said, "Darling, don't you think we have enough rocks?" He doesn't understand. There is no such thing as enough rocks.

Fifth character trait: thirst for knowledge. Delmer Daves, writer, director, producer, rockhound extraordinary, responsible for such film successes as *Destination Tokyo*, *Task Force*, *Broken Arrows*, *Demetrius and the Gladiators*, and others, is a man of many interests. Collecting stones was not one of them until he was

visiting the Museum of Natural History in New York one day and saw the displays of fabulous gems. It was plain love at first sight. He called a guard, asked who was curator of gems—could he see him and ask some questions? The guard said not to be ridiculous, Dr. Pough was a busy man and didn't have time to stop and talk to everybody who came in. But Daves heard a laugh behind him and a voice said, "What do you want to know? I'm Dr. Pough." Daves replied, "Everything. How do I go about learning to be a collector?" Dr. Pough said, "Anybody can collect things—paperweights, spinning wheels, bells or whatever. The man who really enjoys collecting is the one who knows something about what he collects. If you want to start anything, don't start in the middle, start at the beginning. Your knowledge is what will give you the pleasure."

Daves took Dr. Pough's advice. He not only made field trips to collect specimens but completed university courses in mineralogy, which in turn led him into the study of geology, petrography and geomorphology. He has, in addition to his rock collection, a complete mineralogical library and is a student of crystallography and the microscopic study of minerals. He has completed 33 volumes of mineral indexes. Daves' scholarly approach to the hobby doesn't alter the fact that he feels the same wonder and exaltation in discovery shared by most rockhounds. Being more articulate than the average, he is able to voice the sensation of discovery: "It makes of every man a Columbus, to open a vein in rock, find an undiscovered pocket of gems, break open a geode and find the beauty within. What in the world could be more exciting than knowing that you are the first, after God, to see it?"

That could be the most compelling reason of all for the popularity of this hobby. In fact, the number of rockhounds who are scratching at the earth's surface is increasing so rapidly, that some have wondered if it is possible that the supply could be exhausted in the near future. Not likely, but in the meantime, a lot of happy people are working at it.

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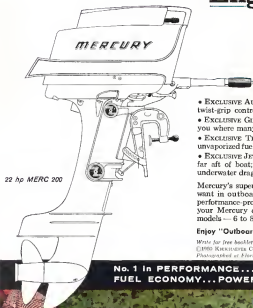
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